

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

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Harlip

MRS. W. G. FINNEY

Mrs. W. G. Finney is a daughter of Vice-Admiral the Honourable E. R. Drummond and Lady Evelyn Drummond, of Garynahine Lodge, Stornoway, and the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Walter George Finney

COUNTRY LIFE

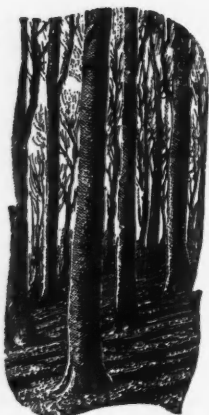
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THE PROPERTY MARKET

THE fact that all who deal in real estate, in every part of the country, report unprecedented activity and a "record turnover" in 1947 should be pondered by those who make our laws as well as by those more individually interested. During the year a new and confiscatory system of land tenure has been imposed on the country by the Town and Country Planning Act, war-time controls on the letting of houses have been continued, and restrictive orders have brought private building enterprise to a standstill. What is the result? With the solitary exception of building land, demand has increased in every department of the property market and scarcity values, due in part originally to war damage, dilapidations and shortage of labour, have steadily mounted. In yet another department of life a Government which seeks to keep inflation at bay by subsidies and controls finds "too much money chasing too few goods."

In a period of ill-concealed inflation, feverish activity and soaring prices do not necessarily suggest a healthy state of affairs or a steady confidence in continued national prosperity; last year's property figures may merely reflect a lack of confidence in other forms of investment or in sterling generally. But within the real estate market itself it is comparatively easy to account for the upward movement. The drastic restriction of the national building programme cannot fail to inflate prices paid for existing buildings. Control of the use of properties by various forms of town planning is bound to add to the current value of properties whose existing use conforms to the planning schemes. Confiscation of development rights—subject to an unknown amount of ill-defined compensation—is bound to enhance the value of properties already fully developed. In a nutshell, capital diverted from properties subject to restriction and control flows naturally towards others unaffected. That there is plenty of additional capital in the market is evident from responsible professional statements that during 1947 money was made available "to almost limitless amounts" by important public companies and wealthy private groups eager to acquire big property holdings in London and other built-up areas.

Outside those areas there is no lack of demand for agricultural land both as investment and for farming. Property companies are diverting their attention from building land to the search for farms which can be farmed professionally, and many newcomers to farming

are said to be buying even poor farms with possession, mainly for the sake of a farm-house which will provide a home or an increase of rations! For good farms with good buildings there is an unlimited demand, though, of course, few are for sale with possession. The same conditions affect residential property, and, though many of the bigger houses are no longer, in the labour conditions of to-day, adapted for private occupation unless they can be converted into flats, medium-sized houses are now worth three or four times their 1939 values, and there is no lack of purchasers. These facts are well known, but what is often overlooked is the extent to which purchasers who already own a house are moving house in order to increase or decrease accommodation.

The exception to this scene of activity and rising prices is to be found in the market for building land, where it is generally reported that negotiations regarding land "having

FAITH IN WINTER

THERE will be noise of brooks again,
And gauzy veils of April rain,
And celandines about the lane;
And the full, throbbing throat of ease
The blackbird tunes, himself to please,
Or his dim lady of the trees;
And woods where the sun sprawls content
Upon the crackling leaves of Lent,
His warmth for a few violets spent;
And thorns that mist themselves in white,
And willows rustling with delight,
And primrose banks thick-starred as night.
And all the heaven hid from view
In the gaunt pear will gush anew,
For skies to shake their lustres through.
Dear Earth, you've bred a faith too strong!
We shall not grieve for April long
Who know that Winter ends in song.

MARJORIE STANNARD.

development potentiality" are practically at a standstill. This is hardly to be wondered at in view of the uncertainty imparted by the Town and Country Planning Act. Obviously the ruling factor at the moment is the physical impossibility of building, but the general opinion appears to be that once the development value of such land has disappeared there will be little inducement either to buy or to sell it.

POTATOES

WHILE the Minister of Food is worrying about to-day's potato supplies, the Minister of Agriculture has to worry about the acreage to be planted for the 1948 harvest. He failed last spring to get a full acreage. This and the summer drought cost the country 2,000,000 tons. Without invoking compulsory cropping directions, Mr. Tom Williams hopes to get at least 1,423,000 acres of potatoes grown in the United Kingdom in 1948. With this acreage and yields at least as good as normal, the housewives of Britain should not have any more fears about market supplies through the winter. Some well-meaning people are seeking to deter farmers from applying fertilisers generously in the belief that fertilisers out of a bag spoil the cooking quality of potatoes. They argue that the best quality potatoes are grown with farm-yard manure. Professor T. Wallace, writing of experiments made at Long Ashton Research Station, Bristol, states definitely that manures have relatively little effect on quality. It is site and variety that matter most. The effects of phosphate and potash are generally beneficial and the only precaution necessary in using fertilisers is to see that nitrogen is not overdone. Nothing but good can come from balanced manuring out of a fertiliser bag. But whatever the system of manuring we cannot expect to grow only high quality potatoes on 1,423,000 acres spread widely throughout the country.

THE NEGLECTED EYOT

PREHISTORIC lake-dwellers, Bronze Age folk, and Danes followed one another through the ages as inhabitants of Chiswick

Eyot, that three-acre strip of now unkempt osiers and mud lying off Chiswick Mall. Then swans and kingfishers made it their home, and Gilbert White noted it as a great assembly place for migrating swallows. Since the Brentford and Chiswick Borough Council, finding that it would cost £20,000 to embank the eyot with stone and erect a concrete promenade with kiosks—that is to turn it to the only use conceivable to the municipal mind—have lost interest, it is now a no-man's-land for urchins. The Middlesex County Council, the Port of London Authority and the Ministry of Town and Country Planning have likewise disclaimed interest, so that friends of the neglected eyot are appealing to the voluntary societies to come to its rescue. Wooden stakes and hurdles would protect its banks from erosion more economically and attractively than masonry, and one part-time man could look after the only vegetation required. A scheme that would genuinely preserve this primeval and precious strip of waste in its natural state would surely have the support of most Londoners with an affection for wild creatures.

THE MORAL OF A CHRISTMAS TREE

THE pleasure given by the Christmas Tree in Trafalgar Square, due to the imagination of our Norwegian cousins, proves how general is the vague longing for more greenery, more colour, in our grey cities. The planting of more permanent trees is inadvisable, if only—witness King's Bench Walk and the animosity in Bath against the lovely planes of the Circus—because someone with a pull with the authorities always makes complaints of their putting him in the shade. The best solution, were not the proportion of cretins so high in our streets, would be tubs, super-flower pots, placed in suitable corners and kept filled with flowering bushes or verdure, with seats where their beauty and the sun could be enjoyed. There is almost nowhere to sit in most of our cities. To take Trafalgar Square as an instance, the use made in the war of the grass plots outside the National Gallery suggests how welcome would be the provision of seats there, and, instead of sacrosanct turf, paving and big tubs of flowers. Westminster City Council has in hand a scheme for re-arranging Leicester Square garden which, designed for sitting and refreshment, would properly serve the purpose to which it is now put by hundreds of people uncomfortably. An imaginative yet sensible scheme for the replanning of Parliament Square on these lines has lately been demonstrated in the *Architectural Review*. Sharavaggi—"the art of not being regular," as the Chinese are said to call it—opportunity for momentary escape from canalised bustle, is what we all want, and that was the note struck by the Christmas Tree.

ARTISAN GOLF

ONE of the most admirable features of golf in comparatively modern times has been the increase of artisan golf clubs, the members of which are allowed to play, either for a very small subscription or for none at all, on the course of a "parent" club. It has given many men who could not otherwise have afforded it the chance of playing golf, and has made for pleasant and friendly relations between them and the parent club's members. But the whole point has been that they should be genuine artisans and not those masquerading under that title, and so enjoying a privilege to which they are not entitled. Therefore all reasonable people will sympathise with the Swinley Forest Golf Club over a difference that appears to have arisen there. Finding that some so-called artisans were in fact engaged in trades and professions which would perfectly well enable them to pay for their golf elsewhere, they asked the members of the Artisan Club for details of their employment with a view to re-election. This appears to have been resented by some, who on their own admission could come to the course in their own cars and engage caddies. By saying so much they have surely proved Swinley Forest's case up to the hilt. In all these instances the parent club's hospitality is a generous gesture. It must not be abused, nor must the extent of its exercise be dictated.



F. H. Crowe

"WHERE CLOUDS HALF MATCH THE FAST RECEDING FOAM"

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By
Major C. S. JARVIS

MY recent dusty explorations in search of an old book at the back of cupboards disclosed an old snapshot album which dated back almost to the early days of amateur photography, and which had not seen the light of day since it was packed away at the outbreak of the 1914 war. Among the many faded photographs was one which had escaped the effects of time, and which was of the annual threshing-cum-ratting party that was always arranged to coincide with the arrival of my brother and me from school on our Christmas holidays. From this I imagine that in those spacious days one obtained the services of the threshing machine when one required it and not when it suited the convenience of the proprietor.

* * *

IN the background of the print is the half-demolished stack of wheat with the threshing machine beside it, and in the foreground stand the ratting party, consisting of two uncles wearing absurdly high white collars for such a plebeian sport, three terriers of most doubtful lineage, with our own Clytie, the fox-terrier of our boyhood, among them, and a row of some thirty dead rats which represented the bag killed before the luncheon hour. One knows it is the luncheon, or dinner, hour, for seated in a row under the stack are the farm-hands and the threshing party, and, since photography in those days consisted of fixing the camera on a tripod and focusing the group before putting in the plate and releasing the shutter, one realises that a quite usual mistake had been made. The subject of the picture, the ratters, the dogs and the rats, are out of focus and slightly blurred,

but the luncheon-eaters in the background are depicted with such detail that even to-day it is possible to see what form of food each worker had brought with him in his spotted handkerchief.

One of the party with a big clasp-knife in his hand is holding in the other a slab of pickled pork, which to-day would represent the fortnightly ration of bacon for a family of five at least, and two others are hard at work with what appears to be the lower part of the forelegs of home-cured bacon with a generous covering of meat on the bones. The second course of the meal lies on the opened handkerchief of each diner in the form of a big chunk of blue vinney cheese. These hunks of cheese are of such dimensions that it would be futile to try to compare them with any present-day ration drawn by anyone. To complete the picture there is a two-gallon demijohn of beer in the foreground, and all members of the party have quart mugs beside them. We are told so frequently these times of the starvation wages that farm-hands and other workers were paid in the bad old days, but with the evidence that this photograph provides one realises that starvation is not quite the word to use. Even if the generous fare of those times were obtainable to-day, it is doubtful, despite the greatly increased wages which the farm-worker now receives, if he would be able to afford a midday meal on the scale of those eaten every day in the early 1900s.

A GAME-BIRD mystery of the present season is that, though in some parts of the South gape-worm has seriously depleted the stock of partridges, it has had no effect whatsoever on the wild pheasants. On three estates in Hampshire where the smaller bird has suffered severely from the infection, the bags of wild pheasants at the time of writing are 2,700, 2,020, and 1,700. One of the most remarkable features of a depressing period, when one has unfortunately to record a marked falling off in the number of almost everything that is desirable in the wild bird and animal world, is the manner in which the indigenous pheasant has managed to maintain its numbers and carry on with very little assistance from outside resources in the way of rations.

* * *

BLACK game in many parts are now virtually extinct, grouse for the last three years on the majority of the moors have been too few to permit of shooting and partridges also have experienced a very bad period, but throughout it all the pheasant, which is accustomed to being spoon-fed to a certain extent, has held its own in an amazing manner, and this is the third season running that shoot-owners in this part of England report far more birds on their land than they had reason to expect. The numbers on some of the shoots are equal to those that were achieved when hatching and systematic feeding were practised before 1939. This is all the more remarkable seeing that, with the value of the bird at approximately 30s. and far fewer keepers at work than there were before the war, poaching on an organised scale is rampant.

SUFFOLK BY-WAYS

Written and Illustrated by GARRY HOGG

THOUGH the nearest point on the Suffolk border is only sixty miles from London, and the farthest but little more than twice that distance, the county remains very little explored. Its fifty miles of coastline, admittedly, have been popular with holiday-makers for many years: Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Thorpe-ness, Walberswick, Southwold and Lowestoft have their clientèles, and the great cliffs above the submerged forest at Corton now groan under the burden of holiday-camps.

But inland, on the whole, Suffolk remains shy, retiring, content with anonymity. It has contrived to avoid excess of battle and campaigning for nearly a thousand years, though before the Norman Conquest it ran with the blood of Danes, Angles, Romans, and the fierce Icenii tribes. The most persistent war that it has known is, unhappily, a war that continues to be waged: a series of losing battles between its coastline and the encroachments of the hungry waters of the grey North Sea. No continuous line of coast can show more dramatic signs of invasion than that strip between Yarmouth and Felixstowe; and the last pages of the drama have yet to be written.

Away from that coastline, however, it is a peaceful landscape that the visitor encounters: undramatic, unsurprising, moderate in its challenge. Of its fifteen hundred square miles, not one touches the 400-foot contour and very few top the 300-foot mark. It has no stone—unless one admits the extensive flint deposits in the deep chalk, of which such magnificent use is made in the great "wool" churches that dominate the countryside. Chalk, greensand, London clay, red crag and Suffolk crag form in the main the basis of the countryside, producing characteristics that may be scorned by those who demand the hard edges of the limestone and gritstone country and the spectacular valleys and hills of slate, granite and schist. One does not look for these in Suffolk. Instead, one finds the restful contours and easy graces of a shire that is content not to compete, that is modestly aware of its own peculiar beauty.

It is impossible to hurry in Suffolk; and it is well that there should be this quiet, passive resistance to speed and restlessness, in this one county at any rate. For the loveliness of Suffolk is subtle, and lies about the visitor like a benison, its charm stealing upon him unawares. It is a charm compounded of many gentle ingredients: the fine thatching of the ricks and roofs; the half-timbering of innumerable houses and cottages; the rich mellow brickwork of its arched bridges; the gables showing the curves that came with the Flemish weavers; the silver-gilt stone of church nave and tower and transept, spreading over the low hilltops at the end

of the main streets of Lavenham and Kersey and a hundred other quiet villages and little townships. It is a charm compounded of winding lanes and hedgerows filled with loosestrife, of great fields of corn, little streams, reed-filled and silent beneath their overhanging willows, of post or tower windmills, of paraged house- and shop-fronts, of heathland lit by the golden flame of gorse.

It is off the beaten track that the most rewarding treasures will often be found. The great castles of Bury St. Edmunds and Framlingham are visited by hundreds for every one who takes the trouble to look out the ancient stone habitation at Little Wenham. Here, standing splendid in the middle of a sloping field, is a 13th-century fortified residence with its great banqueting-hall, spacious fireplace and deep-cut windows, proudly claimed as one of the oldest fortified residences in the country.

Not far away is the folly called the Tattingstone Wonder. An 18th-century squire, unwilling to have the view from his mansion sullied by the sight of his workers' cottages, had them built to resemble the village church. A squat chimney protrudes through the roof, but close

inspection from the rear shows that the tower is three-sided only, a hollow sham indeed, braced by metal struts, in a county of noble towers.

Though stone was imported by the wealthy wool merchants to build their magnificent churches, the majority of the buildings are of brick and timber and plaster. This is finely seen at Lavenham and at Kersey, at Clare, Long Melford, and a score of other congeries of homes which have passed their heyday as centres of the weaving industry and now

dream away the years. Lavenham has its ancient Guildhall and even more impressive Wool Hall, now a railway convalescent home. Within a stone's-throw of this is the lovely de Vere House, in Water Street, with fine carving on both sides of the doorway (Fig. 2) and timbering that can rarely have been surpassed even in this county of superb half-timbering. Kersey (Fig. 3), less visited than the rather self-conscious Lavenham,



1.—THE SWAN INN, LAVENHAM, SUFFOLK



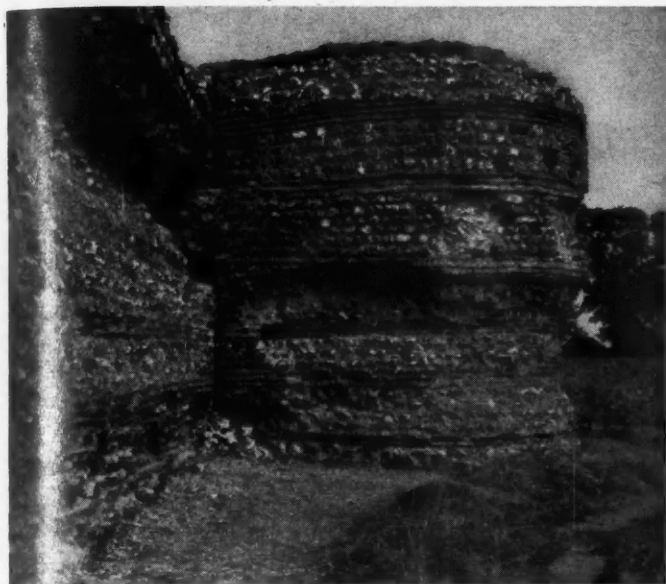
3.—KERSEY VILLAGE PUMP, AT THE TOP OF THE MAIN STREET



2.—CARVING ON THE DOORWAY OF THE DE VERE HOUSE, LAVENHAM

is badly in need of skilled attention. Only here and there, it seems, has money been forthcoming to preserve the gabled houses that line the steeply falling single street to the water-splash. Beyond is the steeper rise to the noble wool church, in the precincts of which is a gravestone with an unusually charming epitaph. The south porch of this church is an excellent example of skilled craftsmanship in dressed flint, the only local stone to which the mason had access.

Perhaps the oddest brick structure is the great tower overlooking the Orwell estuary at Freston. It is said to have been built by Lord Freston, three hundred years ago, for his only daughter. Though it is six storeys in height, it is only twelve feet square. In the ground floor room his daughter learned to practise charitable works on one day of every week. In the room above she had her loom; above that, she studied music; above that, the ancient tongues; above that again, the writers of her own tongue;



(Left) 4.—NORTH-WEST BASTION OF BURGH CASTLE (THE ROMAN GARIANONUM). The walls are built of alternating courses of flint and brick.



(Right) 5.—FLINT-KNAPPING AT BRANDON

above that she studied painting; and the seventh day was devoted to the magic of the stars—a very full week, it would seem!

Characteristic of this county, of course, is the parqueting—a form of relief-work in plaster which ranges from the simplest patterns of scroll and circle on the humble cottage to the splendours of the Ancient House in the Butter Market at Ipswich. Here the 17th-century artist has excelled himself. The great panels on the first-storey level depict the continents, or four of them, for he did not know of Australia. Asia he represented by a rider and a camel, Africa by a man bestriding a crocodile, America by an Indian with bow and arrow, Europe by a sceptre. The fifth space is occupied by a despondent-looking Atlas with the huge load of the world on his inadequate shoulders.

Not the least interesting of the oddities to be found inland is the old key which hangs on the wall in Eyke church. The village used to spell its name Ike, and the key was so cut that its wards spell out IKE. Not far from Eyke is the grave of Edward Fitzgerald, at Boulge. A granite slab lies over the grave of the translator of the *Rubáiyát*, and at his head was planted a rose tree grown from a seed from Omar Khayyám's grave in Naishápúr. Unhappily, souvenir hunters have failed to respect even this memorial, and only a few inches of stem, withered and unimpressive, remain today. One thinks of Fitzgerald's verse:

*Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?*

On the northern border of this county England's oldest industry is still pursued. The flints no longer come from Grimes Graves, however, as they did when prehistoric man

for the flintlock-owners on the African continent and elsewhere.

Nearer the coast there is evidence of other ancient practices. You will have to hunt for it among the bracken of the sandy wastes beyond Woodbridge, but still to be seen is the hollow from which was excavated, just before the war, the Burial Ship of Sutton Hoo. To-day it looks like nothing so much as a bunker on an ill-tended golf course; but for all that it is sacred ground, and the lover of antiquity holds his breath in wonder at the resolution and piety of those sailor forbears of his.

Northwards up the coastline there is Aldeburgh, with its interesting Moot Hall (Fig. 6). Though once in the centre of the town, it now stands on the shingle edge, blown by salt spray when the wind is off-sea. Brick and flint and timber were used to build this two-storey edifice with its outside staircase. Inside, there is a stone safe, and a series of maps old and not so old which tell graphically the story of the township's long fight against the insuperable odds of merciless wind and wave.

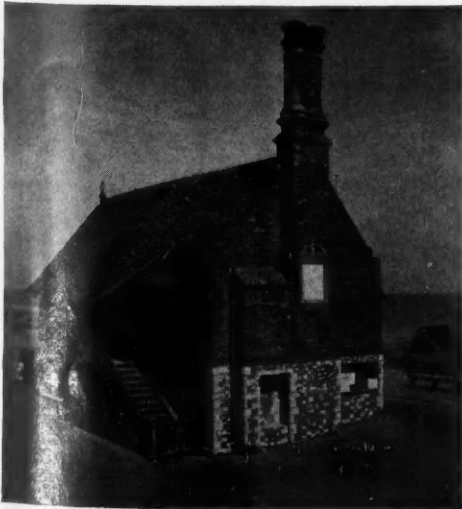
As you travel northwards from Aldeburgh you come in sight of the House in the Clouds (Fig. 7), a landmark in this flat country for many miles; but no folly, this time, unless the imagination that went to the designing of a water-tower as a habitable building several storeys high be condemned as foolishness. To many it will seem preferable to the usual concrete monstrosity on slanting, off-white legs.

Northwards again is the tragic hamlet of Dunwich, once a considerable East Anglian city, but now, because of the voracious tides, only a cluster of a dozen cottages dominated by the last relics of the Franciscan Priory and the sole

surviving corner buttress, on the very cliff-edge, of All Saints' Church. More civilised and conscious of itself is Southwold, a few miles farther north. Two small and easily missed treasures hang in the sunlit air of this small town: the wrought-iron signs of the Swan (Fig. 8) and the Crown hotels. They are the work of a Suffolk smith, and the eye never tires of following their whorls and convolutions against the clear sky. While such craftsmanship exists, there is hope for those who deplore the increasing mechanisation of this age and the prevalent acceptance of the second-rate.

Craftsmanship is found, too, in a very different form, at Burgh Castle. Here, within a few hundred yards of the northernmost tip of Suffolk, and so far off the usual tracks that only the persistent will discover it, is the magnificent Roman fortress, Garianonum, built nineteen hundred years ago to guard the estuary near by. Only three walls survive, and it has not yet been finally established that there ever was a fourth. But even to-day the walls stand some twelve feet high and nearly ten feet thick, of alternating courses of flint and Roman brick, surrounding some six acres of ground, and their corner bastions (Fig. 4) look good for another nineteen hundred years at least.

More remains unsaid than has been said. No reference has been made to Oulton Broad and the bird-like yachts; to Lowestoft and its herring-fleets; to Flatford Mill, now National Trust property and occupied by the Field Studies Council students as a base for research and open-air investigation of the flora and fauna of the county, its geology, zoology and antiquities. Nothing has been said of the wharves of Ipswich, their sea-borne timber trade and attendant industries. This was deliberate. For it is the little known Suffolk that calls for description; and it is in the fields and by-ways, among the streams and meres and marshes, beneath the shadows of the slumbering trees and overhanging gables, that the essence of the county will be found.



6.—THE MOOT HALL, ALDEBURGH. (Middle) 7.—THE HOUSE IN THE CLOUDS, THORPENESS, A WATER-TOWER DESIGNED TO BE LIVED IN. (Right) 8.—THE WROUGHT IRON SIGN OF THE SWAN INN, SOUTHWOLD, THE WORK OF A SUFFOLK SMITH

COLLECTORS' QUESTIONS

TWO MINIATURES BY D. GIBSON

I POSSESS a double-sided miniature, two photographs of which I enclose. The miniature is signed on each side "Gibson 1797." I should be glad if you could tell me something about the artist and possibly, also, identify the subjects.—N. MARTYN (Mrs.), The Mount, Dinas Powis, Glamorgan.

The artist who painted this miniature can with reasonable certainty be identified with D. Gibson, of London, who exhibited at the Royal Academy 1790-95, and was also an engraver. The Victoria and Albert Museum has a miniature of a girl by him signed and dated "Gibson 1793." We are not able to identify the sitters.

ANOTHER SHEPHERDESS

From Sir Theophilus Biddulph, Bart.

In Collectors' Questions in COUNTRY LIFE of December 20, 1946, a reply was given regarding a portrait of a lady entitled "The Shepherdess." As reference was made in the reply to a portrait by Wissing of Lady Elizabeth Wilmot, it may be of interest to reproduce a portrait of Lady Lisburne (née Lady Elizabeth Wilmot) which belongs to me. I also have a companion portrait of her brother Lord Wilmot. The portrait of Lady Lisburne is signed "W. Wissing pi'xi" halfway down on the right-hand side. This signature is quite clear, but unfortunately has not come out well in the photograph and requires a strong magnifying glass to see it. Lord Wilmot's portrait is not signed as far as I can see, but has always been attributed to Wissing. I shall be grateful for an opinion about it.—T. G. BIDDULPH, The Pavilion, Melrose, Roxburghshire.

The portrait of Lady Lisburne is a double of the unidentified portrait of a lady in the guise of a shepherdess reproduced in our issue of December 20, 1946, with the exception of the head. Stock portraits requiring only a likeness for the head of the sitter were common during the Lely-Kneller period, and doubtless this model of the shepherdess was a popular one with the ladies who ordered portraits from Wissing. The companion portrait of Lord Wilmot with his dog has every appearance of coming from the same studio. The head is similar to the head of a bust portrait of him belonging to Lord Sandwich, who exhibited it at the Burlington Fine



A PAIR OF MINIATURES SIGNED "GIBSON" AND DATED 1797

See question: Two Miniatures by D. Gibson

Arts Club in 1938. Lord Sandwich's portrait is signed by T. Hawker. The Lady Lisburne is evidently the first wife of the first Viscount Lisburne, who was Lady Malet (not Elizabeth) Wilmot, third daughter of the Earl of Rochester, the Restoration rake. Lady Elizabeth Wilmot, his second daughter, married the third Earl of Sandwich. Lord Wilmot succeeded his father as third Earl of Rochester in 1680, but survived him by less than two years.

AN ARTIST'S MONOGRAM

wonder whether you could help me to identify the painter of a portrait of a Mrs. Catherine Watkinson.

It is life-size, three-quarter length, dated 1837. It is signed with a monogram, a copy of which I enclose. At that date Mr. and Mrs. Watkinson were living in Essex, where Mr. Watkinson had settled after leaving London about ten years previously.—MARGARET F. IRVING, 36, Norham Road, Oxford.

The monogram is probably that of Thomas Barber (1768-1843), a portrait painter who was born and died at Nottingham. He had a considerable portrait business in the Midlands, principally in and around Nottingham and Derby, and very occasionally exhibited at the Academy. A number of his portraits were engraved. All the letters of "T. Barber" appear to be included in the monogram.

RICHARD HARDWICK, CLOCKMAKER

Can you by any chance tell me the date of a grandfather clock by Richard Hardwick, Ashwick? Unfortunately it is in a fumed oak carved case so that it is impossible to judge the age. I do not know when it was bought, but I have known it for

60 years.—C. M. THRELFALL, (Major), Ruyton Manor Ruyton XI Towns, Shropshire.

Richard Hardwick appears to have been a provincial maker who was working about the third quarter of the 18th century. His name is not recorded. There are, however, several known clocks by this maker, the dial of one of which was illustrated in the Correspondence Columns of COUNTRY LIFE on March 10, 1944.

A NOTE ON LYME PARK

In a recently purchased copy of Colin Campbell's *Vitruvius Britannicus*, 3 vols., 1715-25, I found a page of memoranda, which I enclose, written in an early 18th-century hand. Can you help me to identify the writer? I realise that there is very little to work on but think you may be able to help. The name "T. Legh Esq." appears on the fly-leaf and an armorial book-plate of that family. Also found concealed in the folds of one of the larger plates was the enclosed drawing of a building.—N. IVOR GREEN, 35, Hugh Street, S.W.1.

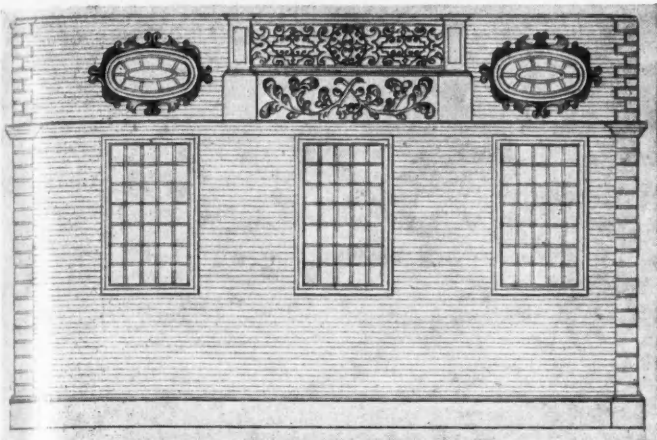
The writer of the memoranda had evidently purchased the copy of *Vitruvius Britannicus* soon after it was published. He noted the plates of various houses that particularly interested him, e.g. "Sr. John Broundlows" (Belton), Blenheim, "Ld Leimpster" (Easton Neston), "Chiswick the Ea: of Bur:" (Lord Burlington's villa).



(Left) LADY LISBURNE AS A SHEPHERDESS, BY WISSING, AND (right) A COMPANION PORTRAIT OF HER BROTHER, LORD WILMOT

See question: Another Shepherdess





AN ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING, circa 1700, PERHAPS FOR A GARDEN BUILDING AT LYME PARK

See question: A Note on Lyme Park (page 174)

Against "Duke of Ancaster" (Grimsthorpe) he notes "My west front" and Kip's view of "Badminton in the second volume of *Britannia* is said to be "like my West Front."

The writer was evidently engaged in building himself, for he has jotted down the names of three masons: "Ingham at Manchester, Morpew and Lloyd at Oulton" (Oulton Park was rebuilt circa 1715-25). From the name on the fly-leaf and the book plate it is clear that the copy of *Vitruvius Britannicus* was formerly in the library at Lyme Park, Cheshire, the seat of the Leghs, which has recently been made over by Lord Newton to the National Trust. The writer of the memoranda was almost certainly Peter Legh, who began the transformation of Lyme into a great Palladian mansion in 1720, employing Leoni as his architect.

A point of interest is a note among the memoranda of questions to be put to a "Mr. Smith": "1. The great Chimney to the Bowling green. 2. The Rustick to the west end. 3. The Break in the Hall. 4. The West end great gate." It is tempting to identify "Mr. Smith" with Francis Smith, of Warwick, and to conclude that he worked as building contractor under Leoni at Lyme as he did at Ditchley under James Gibbs.

By west front, no doubt, is meant the main front with the great portico, although the house lies with its angles to the points of the compass; the main front does show a resemblance to Badminton in the engaged order, and the rusticated treatment of the ground floor, while the portico shown in the plate of the garden front of Grimsthorpe, not executed, might remind one of Leoni's portico at Lyme.

The drawing, if it relates to Lyme, may be for an elevation at the south end of the raised terrace on the east side of the house, where, however, alterations were made early in the 19th century. Its Wren-like detail suggests a date about 1700, before the great reconstruction of Lyme had begun.

UNFAMILIAR PHIZ

The enclosed photograph (reproduced half actual size) is one of a set of six drawings in black crayons and water-colours. The drawings bear no signature or date, but a label on the reverse of one is marked "6 Sketches by Phiz," with a passage from Virgil with translation, "So do you bees make your honey not for yourselves." They are the work of an accomplished artist but, as they bear no resemblance to the well-known illustrations of Phiz, I should like some confirmation that they were drawn by him.—

C. BRAMLEY, 15, Pine Tree Avenue, Humberstone, Leicester.

Phiz (Hablot K. Browne) is known to most people solely as the illustrator of novels by Dickens, Lever and Ainsworth. Only rarely are they aware of his drawings in crayons and water-colours or of his occasional paintings in oils, but it is probably true to say that he derived greater personal pleasure in working in these media, where he was able to develop his own humorous inspiration free from the restricting influence of author and publisher.

From 1834 to 1875 Browne regularly contributed drawings to the Royal Academy, the British Institution, and the Society of British Artists, and at a memorial exhibition of his work held in Liverpool in 1883, the year following his death, more than two hundred water-colours were on view. It is not always easy to identify them with certainty, as they are unequal in quality and vary considerably in manner and subject.

The majority of them are humorous genre subjects executed in chalk or pencil delicately tinted with water-colours. Many are painted in series, and sometimes, but not invariably, they are signed with his initials "H.K.B." or "Phiz." These drawings, so far as one can judge by the photograph of the one submitted by our correspondent, can with reasonable probability be attributed to him.

WIGLEY, OF WORCESTER

I possess an inscribed jug standing 19 ins. high, the details of which are shown in the accompanying four photographs. Round the bottom run the words: "Wigley and the Independent Citizens of Worcester." Can you give me any information about the origin of this jug? —H. BEMSTONE, 9, Masons Avenue, Wealdstone, Middlesex.

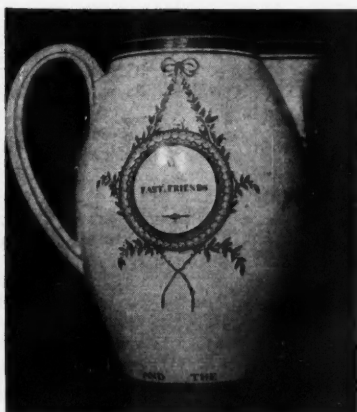
The jug appears from the photographs to be of earthenware, both from the surface texture and from its shape, which was not one ordinarily adopted by Worcester or any other porcelain factories, but was quite usual in Staffordshire and even more so in the Liverpool potteries producing earthenware. The portrait on the front is that of George III as he was about 1800, a date which on other counts would be appropriate for the jug. The inscription is intended to read, in conjunction with the portrait: LONG LIVE THE KING. In the other two medallions are toasts to "All (?) Fast; Friends" and "Liberty; Hall (a mistake for Hall?) All; Friends; to Freedom." Wigley may be the name of some notable in Worcester local life or politics but is equally likely to be that of the landlord of the tavern at Worcester—the Red (?) Deer (the name of the sign, on the handle, is only partly visible in the photograph) for which the jug was made.



ONE OF A SERIES OF SIX SKETCHES BY PHIZ, SHOWING A LITTLE KNOWN SIDE OF THE VICTORIAN ILLUSTRATOR'S WORK

See question: Unfamiliar Phiz

Questions intended for these pages should be forwarded to the Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, W.C.2, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply. In no case should originals be sent; nor can any valuation be made.



JUG INSCRIBED "WIGLEY AND THE INDEPENDENT CITIZENS OF WORCESTER." Circa 1800

See question: Wigley of Worcester

OLYMPIC SKATING PROSPECTS

By T. D. RICHARDSON

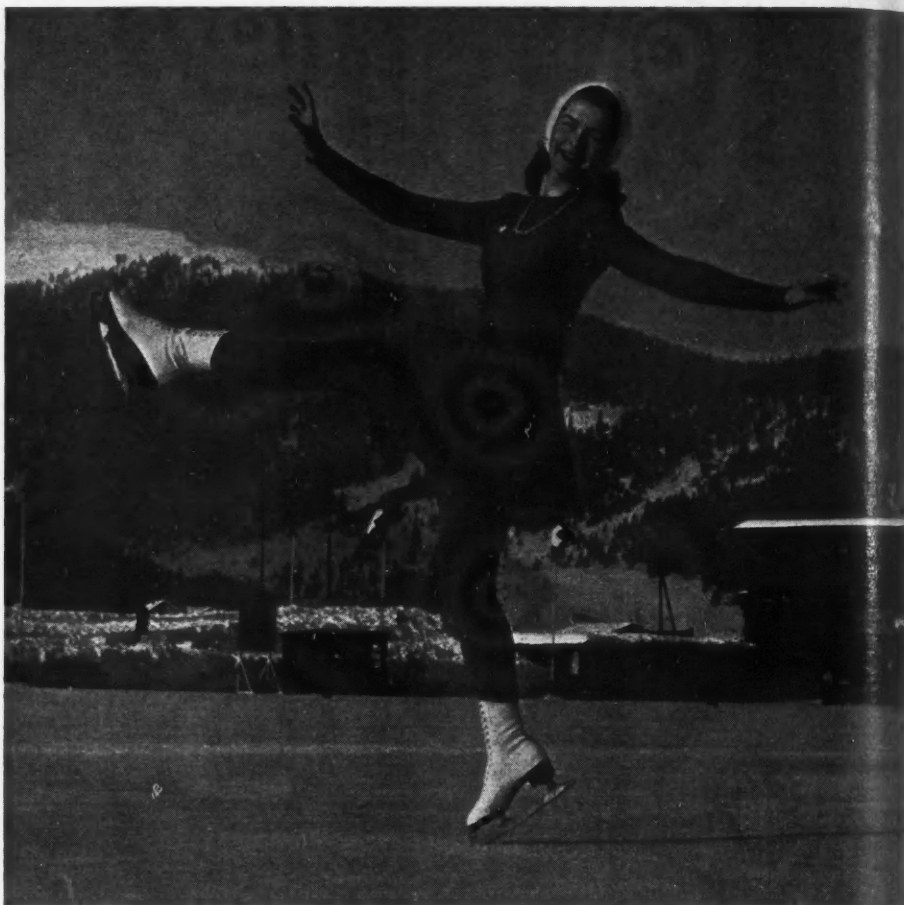
AS there is no title-holder in the figure-skating competitions of the Fifth Winter Olympic Games, due to open at St. Moritz on January 30, these events should prove the most interesting of the whole series since they were first held at Princes Skating Club, Knightsbridge, London, in 1908.

In those days, Mrs. Syers, unique in her generation, won the ladies' event for Britain, Ulrich Salchow the men's for Sweden and Burger-Hubler the pairs for Germany. In the last Olympic competitions, held at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in 1936, the winners were Sonja Henie, Norway, Karl Schäfer, Austria, and Baier-Herber, Germany, all of whom have now joined the professional ranks.

In the coming events, however, the three European and world's title-holders of last season are entered: Barbara Ann Scott, Canada; Hans Gerschwiler, Switzerland; and the pair Baugniet-Lannoy, Belgium. They will, however, have the strongest rivals, chiefly from Great Britain and the U.S.A.

Many people are wondering how the British men's champion, H. Graham Sharp, of Bourne-mouth (Fig. 2), will fare. He has won our title on eight occasions and in 1939 won the European at Davos and the world's at Budapest. After full-time Army service in North Africa and Italy, he returned to England none too well, but after a month's practice he won the British title in masterly fashion, showing fine form in both school figures and the free. He then missed a year, but came back to overwhelm his opponents last December. But he is not young (he is a veteran by established standards), and it remains to be seen how he will stand the strain against his younger opponents under the trying conditions out of doors. His school figures are classical and in these he should gain a good lead. But since 1939 free skating has taken a new turn, for which Canada and the U.S.A. are responsible. They have developed jumping to such an extent that double-loop, double-salchow and others are quite common, and are performed with the ease of their single counterparts. This presents a problem worthy of his mettle which he will overcome.

His two principal rivals are the reigning



1.—BARBARA ANN SCOTT, CANADA, the present world's ladies' figure-skating champion

world's champion, Hans Gerschwiler (Fig. 3), and Richard Button, U.S.A. Hans has learned his skating over here, and is without any doubt a great skater, sound in the school figures, with a delightful free programme performed at great

speed. I do not think, however, that he has as yet shown us his best in competition. These big international contests are nerve-testing affairs and he seems inclined to tighten up, which tends to take away that flowing ease so noticeable in practice. But he will take a lot of beating.

Richard Button, a most talented young man, with the legs of a Nijinsky, whose phenomenal jumping has to be seen to be believed, performs a free programme that has been described by some critics as too theatrical. Be that as it may, I find it most attractive and exhilarating, to say the least. Last year his school figures were definitely immature, but an extra year of practice and age may have changed this, though that the judges' marks alone will show. It will be a battle royal between these three fine performers, so contrasted in style and method, and all so very good.

The ladies' competition presents a fascinating problem. The world, European and North American champion, Barbara Ann Scott, Canada (Fig. 1), is a surprising skater, petite and dainty, but possessed of such amazing power that one wonders where it all comes from. I would not say she was a school figure-skater in the category of Sonja or Cecilia Colledge, but she evidently impressed the judges last season. It was her free programme, however, that to my mind won her the premier laurels. It was completely unhurried, with wonderful light and shade, and was for most of us something different, in that it was a perfect blend of the old and the new.

Once more Gretchen Merrill, U.S.A., will attempt to lower the Canadian colours. I like her skating enormously; to me it is reminiscent of Sonja in her heyday. She has a superb, perfectly balanced body, a strong appreciation of the theatre, and a wonderful sense of rhythm, and I have seen her in practice as good as the best. On the two occasions on which I saw her compete last year, I gained the impression that she was nervous, which may have been the cause of a certain unsteadiness. It is said that her preparation during the last months has been so thorough that the duel between these two women from the continent of America on foreign ice should be outstanding.

The strongest challenge, however, to the overseas skaters will be supplied by the exceptionally brilliant British team. The six ladies from whom the four will be chosen for the Olympic contest are (I give them in the order of the result of the British championship, which served as an Olympic trial) Jeannette Altwegg, Marion Davies, Jill Hood-Linzee, Bridget Shirley Adams, Beryl Bailey and Barbara Wyatt, an "embarrass de richesse," and, with all due respect to our overseas friends, it is from our team, in my opinion, that the winner should come.



2.—H. GRAHAM SHARP, GT. BRITAIN, world's men's champion in 1939



3.—HANS GERSCHWILER, SWITZERLAND, the present world's men's figure-skating champion

Jeannette (Fig. 4) is one of the coolest young skaters that I have seen for years. Completely imperturbable, oblivious of judges and public alike, she sets to work wholly concentrated on the job. She is a fine craftsman equally in the school and in the free. Although some think her performance uninspiring, as was said of Cecilia Colledge's skating, none the less it is workmanlike skating to the nth degree, and she will take a lot of beating. It is a skater's skating, devoid of pose and theatre, essentially amateur in its presentation and therefore definitely suited to the Winter Games.

Marion Davies has a piquance in her style that is most attractive. On her days she is as good as the very best; her free programme is well conceived, difficult and rhythmic, and her school figure-skating is very sound indeed. In Jill Hood-Linzee we have a skater of immense power, speed, and confidence, to whom outdoor conditions should present no difficulty.

Anyone who leads Bridget Shirley Adams in the school figures will, I fancy, lead the field in this section of the contest. Her edge running and the fine quality of her turns should cause comment, and her free, which is somewhat different from those of the others in its general conception, may catch the judges' eyes by its very dissimilarity. Beryl Bailey is a very sound school skater with a brilliant free programme performed at great speed and with such ease that it is apt to deceive all save the real student. The elegance of Barbara Wyatt, a most graceful performer, is always a joy. She is a school skater of great ability and possesses a fine sense of rhythm in her difficult programme. Altogether, this British ladies' team is a galaxy of talent which should prove a source of considerable worry to the other competitors. We hold in this country that in school figure-skating we are supreme, and, as this receives the major proportion of the marks, we are justified in hoping for the highest honours.

The Czech skater Aja Vrzanova is a fine mover in the free and a competent school skater

and she, with Eileen Seigh, the U.S. second string, must be seriously considered as contenders for the crown.

In the pairs, that most beautiful of all forms of figure skating, the world's and European champions, Pierre Baugniet and Micheline Lannoy, of Belgium, are sure to look lovely. Their programme is one of great charm, incorporating difficult movements demanding skating of a high order.

Misfortune fell upon the No. 1 British pair, Dennis and Winnifred Silverthorne, for, some days before the British championship, Miss Silverthorne fell and broke a leg. Fortunately it is not a bad break and the doctors declare that she will be able to practice and take part in the games. Both brother and sister are first-class individually, and as a pair have improved enormously since last year, when they were second to the Belgians in the European at Davos. At Stockholm, in the world's championship, however, the judges placed them fourth, with the Kennedys, U.S.A., second, and the No. 2 Belgian pair, Verbustle-Diskeuve, third. But the British pair are very fast, are beautifully together and are without doubt one of the classic pairs of our time.

The present holders of the British title, the youthful John and Jennifer Nicks, delightfully unsophisticated, are also excellent. At Davos, last year, they were the only pair to skate their programme without error. They are perfectly together, and unimpressed by great occasions. The reserves, Robert Ogilvie and Joan Thompson, are a couple of fine skaters whose great *forte* is their originality and excellent style.

Another interesting entry in the pairs is that of the Canadians, Suzanne Morrow and Wallace Diestelmeyer, who are the holders of the Canadian and North American pairs skating championships.

The American pair skated in last year's world's championship and demonstrated to the full the trend of U.S. skating towards the theatrical. To a great extent, therefore, this competition will be a battle of European versus American styles. We have adopted as much as we think desirable of the U.S. idea and the decision will have a far-reaching effect on free and pair skating.

Entries have been received from countries as remote as Korea. This should cause as much interest as did the appearance of the Japanese in 1932 at Lake Placid and at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in 1936, when they were surprisingly good. Recently the U.S.S.R. applied for affiliation to the International Skating Union, the governing body for the world; should any Russians put in an appearance, further sparkle may be expected. Nobody really knows the level of figure skating in the vast Russian republics, but, judging from a few shots in a newsreel seen some months ago, it was definitely low. On the other hand, the U.S.S.R. can now draw talent from Esthonia, Lithuania, Latvia and part of Karelian Finland, where, in the halcyon pre-war days a very good standard was maintained.



4.—JEANNETTE ALTWEGG, the present British ladies' champion

PAINTED CEILINGS

By OLIVER HILL

PAINTED ceilings gay with flowers, fruit, birds, and arabesques, recalling the folk-painting common to other countries in Northern Europe, were once common in Scotland. They show the genuine delight in colour that prevailed throughout Scotland during the 17th century. Within recent years a number of these ceilings have been brought to light by the removal of the lath and plaster which the taste of later generations decreed.

An unusually early example occurs on the vault of the 15th-century hall at Borthwick Castle. By the end of the following century decorations in tempera on the simple joisted and boarded ceilings of the period had become usual while more elaborate work of the same kind was quite general on the ceilings of the principal rooms of the castles and towers of the early 17th century. Simplicity and breadth of design combined with an engaging robustness of execution are characteristic of this type of decoration, which is shown by dates, armorial bearings and cyphers to have been often carried out after the Union of the Crowns in 1603.

A considerable amount of decorative work was executed at Stirling Palace in 1628 by one Valentine Jenking, called in the accounts Valentyne the Painter. Great quantities of "calk, ayle, gold and cullouris" were provided for him.

Decorative painting on a large scale was also contemplated at Holyrood for the reception of James VI. The Lords of the Privy Council having resolved that this should be "in such descent and comlie forme and maner as if agreeable to his Majestie's princelie estaite," found, that "this work could not be gotten so perfytille and well done within this country as is requisite." So they were obliged to enter into a contract with Mathew Guidrick, "Citienair and paynter in London," for painting and "gylting of his Majestie's Chapele of Haliruidhous," and with Nicolas Stone "Carver and citienair of London, for wood-work for the same."



1.—THE PALACE, CULROSS, FIFE

One of sixteen panels in the ceiling of an upper room, 1597–1611

Fashion in such things largely followed the habits of the Court, and the manner of embellishing the Royal palaces was inevitably reflected in the houses of the nobles. Scotsmen had long looked to the Low Countries for their art; George Jameson, the "father of Scottish painting," had himself studied there under Rubens.

Besides the two London artists mentioned above, two Dutchmen were brought over for the decoration of Holyrood; Jan Van Sant Voort, carver, and Jacob de Witt, painter. Their work at the Palace was carried out between 1674 and 1686 and subsequently they were both engaged by the Earl of Strathmore for similar decorative work at Glamis Castle.

The painted decoration in the smaller places ranges from such bold freehand brushwork as the ceiling at Sailor's Walk, Kircaldy, to works of the greatest accomplishment such as the ceiling at Pinkie.

In the simple joisted and boarded ceilings, the surfaces, including the sides of the joists, were covered with broadly painted ornamentation representing all manner of foliage, fruit, mouldings and grotesques together with figure and heraldic devices. The colours were usually red, green, yellow and blue, on a white or black background.

Tempera was almost invariably the medium employed in this decorative painting and it continued for a long while after the Van Eycks



2.—GLADSTONE'S LAND, LAWN MARKET, EDINBURGH
A joisted and boarded ceiling crudely painted



3.—HUNTINGTOWER, PERTH
Another ceiling with primitive decoration



4.—PINKIE HOUSE, MIDLOTHIAN

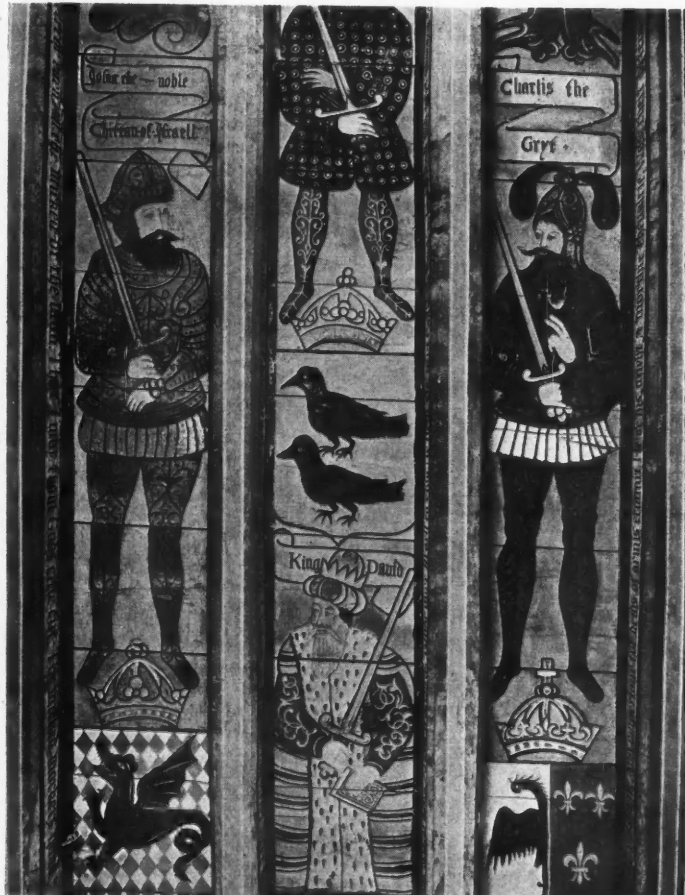
Vaulted and boarded ceiling, probably early 17th century

invented oil as a base. The process was simple and enduring, as witnessed by the brilliance of those ceilings that have survived to the present.

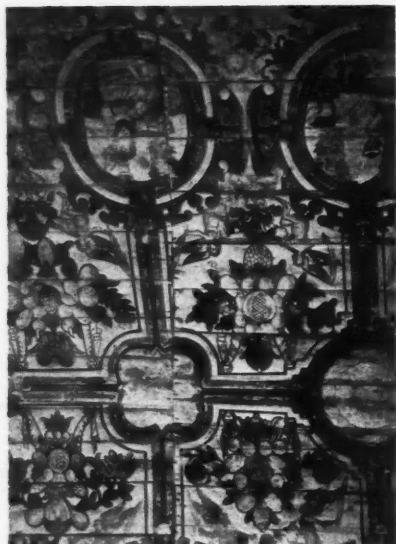
The following technical description is quoted from Mr. Thomas Bonnar in *Tempera Painting in Scotland*. "In treating woodwork with this process, it was first of all essential that it should be quite dry. The surface was then passed over, with a coating of size in a slightly congealed state. After that the panels were coated with whiting well brushed and mixed with size. This was laid on with a full brush so as to fill up the inequalities in the wood, the surface afterwards being rubbed down until

the ground became smooth and the whiting was mostly removed, because, if the whiting was left in a full body, it would be apt to become brittle and crack or flake off. When this preparation was carried out satisfactorily the work was ready for the decorator. Another medium employed in the Middle Ages was composed of fine whiting mixed with egg, the yolk being used as well as the white of the egg. This was carefully beaten up and a little vinegar added to prevent putrefaction. It was then diluted as required with juice from the shoots of the fig tree. This process was used by the Italians in special cases."

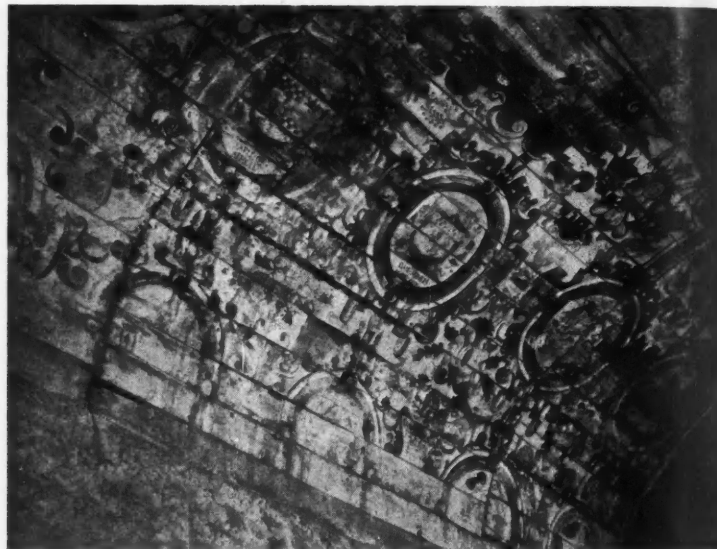
The Muses' Ceiling at Crathes Castle is dated 1599 (Fig. 5). Here figures of the Muses, playing various musical instruments, are interspersed among the Virtues, all executed in rather crude colour, while the sides of the beams bear lengthy inscriptions. The blonde Teutonic appearance of the types portrayed and the style of the work generally point to a North German origin. A similar ceiling in another room at Crathes has large figures in knightly attire between the beams (Fig. 6). These are known as the Nine Worthies. Those shown in the illustration, each with their coat of arms at his feet, are Joshua, Charlemagne and [King



5, 6.—CRATHES CASTLE, KINCARDINESHIRE
Muses interspersed with Virtues, and (right) Worthies, dated 1599



(Above)
7.—EARLSHALL,
FIFE
Boarded elliptical
ceiling decorated
in black and white,
dated 1620



(Left and right)
8 and 9.—GRAN-
TULLY,
PERTSHIRE
Boarded barrel-
vaulted ceiling
painted with scrip-
tural and armorial
subjects in floral
framework, 1636



10.—KINNEIL HOUSE. Plasterwork coloured in distemper, 1667

David. These figures again, are of distinctly Teutonic appearance.

Another joisted and boarded ceiling of a primitive type is that at Gladstone's Land in the Lawn Market, Edinburgh (Fig. 2). This shows bunches of fruit and flowers alternating with cross-banded panels of architectural form, all boldly painted with free brush strokes. The ceiling at Huntingtower, Perth, (Fig. 3) shows delicately toned painted decoration on the beams and joists with an interlaced design in strong colour in the panels between.

At Collairney Castle are two painted joists and boarded ceilings of about 1581. They are formed of grooved and tongued flooring boards, 1 in. thick and 12 ins. across, carried on cross-joists averaging 8 ins. x 5 ins. The bays between the joists show escutcheons charged with armorial bearings of different families whose name or title is lettered above each shield. The spaces between the shields are filled with floral motifs in colour outlined with black on a white ground. The sides of the beams are painted in yellows and reds, and lettered with wise saws, the soffits being decorated with scroll-work on a red or black ground.

A similar ceiling of early 17th century date is that at Nunraw, East Lothian. The wood was prepared with a light plaster surface, the colours being laid on with a lime wash. The joists are margined with a guilloche border of red on yellow; the compartments between show a profusion of fruit, foliage, birds, beasts and musical instruments together with trophies and heraldic

devices. These are divided by two rows of shields bearing Royal arms, each being upheld by a pair of nude and winged boys as supporters.

Another ceiling with similar decoration in the panels is that at Aberdour Castle, Fife, painted for the Earl of Morton who died in 1648. Here the beams are painted blue and subdivided by yellow bands.

The ceilings hitherto noted are mainly of the simple joisted and boarded type typical of 16th-century work. In the early years of the following century, after the Union of the Crowns in 1603, more elaborate work became general. Larger rooms were now being provided and the gallery, an idea imported from English houses, became a feature in some of the Scottish castles. These rooms were often given elliptically shaped ceilings covered with plain boarding or, in some cases, panelled out in wood; they thus afforded full play for the more ambitious decorative painting then coming into vogue.

The gallery at Pinkie (Fig. 4) is a stately chamber 78 feet long by 19 feet wide and has the entire surface of its vaulted ceiling covered with polychromatic decoration in tempera and metal. The work was carried out in the early 17th century, probably by an Italian painter who sought to convey the illusion, by his painting, of a lofty barrel vault with an octagon lantern in the centre, making skilful use of foreshortening and perspective. On either side are "Gothic" arches with circular lunettes in the spandrels. The beautiful example in the gallery at Earls Hall (Fig. 7) is dated 1620. This ceiling is elliptical in form and entirely covered with a decorative painting in black and white. The design consists of alternate circular and square panels linked together by grey coloured bands of scrollwork. The circles contain armorial devices, and the squares beasts, both realistic and fabulous.

The ceiling at Grantully (Figs. 8 and 9) is also barrel-vaulted and boarded and painted with an all-over design comprising 29 compartments containing scriptural subjects and armorial bearings, etc. The intervening spaces are filled with clusters of fruit, vases of flowers, winged amorini and birds. The colours are red, yellow, green, black and white, on a light-tinted ground.

The painting on a somewhat similar shaped ceiling in a room in the Palace, Culross (Fig. 1), 1597-1611, is of greater accomplishment. The panel illustrated is one of a series of 16 which entirely cover the ceiling. Each shows a female figure with a Latin text or maxim above and a couplet in old English lettering below. The panel illustrated is lettered OMNIS CARO FOENUM (All flesh is grass). The seated figure holds on her knee a golden vase containing a bouquet of flowers; the vase has a broken handle to convey the idea of fragility. On her left is another vase also containing flowers and at her side is a palm tree, emblematic of flourishing life, but having a lower branch hanging withered. The lettering below runs:

ALL FLESCHE IS GRASSE AND WITHERETH LYK THE HAYE,
AND WARNETH US HOW WEILL TO LIVE, BUT NOT HOW LONG TO WAYE.

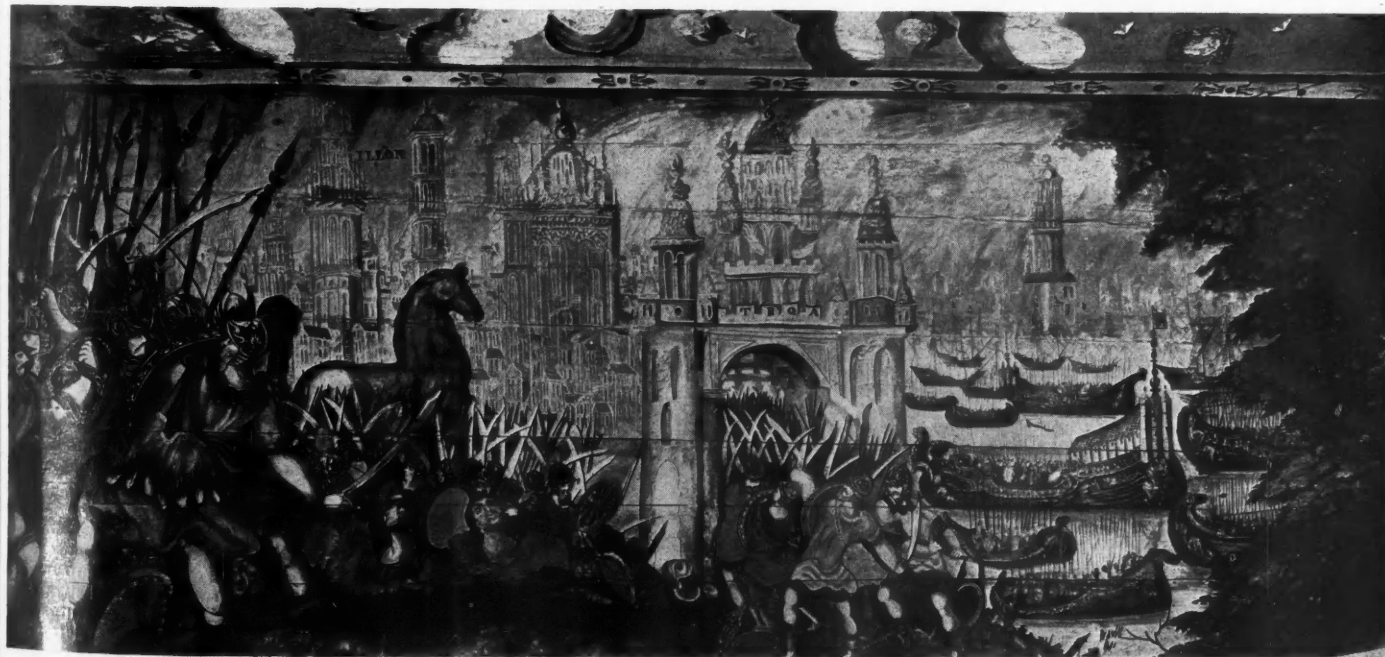
At Kinneil House, West Lothian, is another type of ceiling, of plain plaster, with a geometrical design carried out in red distemper. This ceiling presumably formed part of the third Duke of Hamilton's reconstruction of the house carried out in 1667.

The boarded and painted ceiling in the old tower at Cullen is in the form of a pent roof. The long sloping panels over the side walls of this room show, on the one side, a party of horsemen against a verdured background slaying a boar, and at the same time, surprising some nymphs. The panel over the opposite wall shows the Siege of Troy (Fig. 12) with part of the attacking army entering a gate of the city. The harbour is also seen full of splendid ships carrying further legions whose poised lances made a brave display. The buildings of the fantastic and dreamlike city and the form of the ships suggest a Flemish painter. The most remarkable part of this superb decoration, however, is the central



11.—CULLEN HOUSE, BANFFSHIRE
Gods in a brilliant blue and starry heaven

panel (Fig. 11) on the bed of the ceiling. Here, over a blue sky interwoven by white, very material-looking clouds are four figures, Mercury, Neptune, Flora and Luna. Winged amorini dot the sky, and stars, carved and applied in bold relief and richly gilt, sparkle against the blue background. The colours, fresh as when newly painted, and the gilding give an effect of extraordinary brilliance to this remarkable decoration.



12.—CULLEN. Detail showing the Siege of Troy

THOMAS SWORD GOOD: A DISREGARDED VICTORIAN PAINTER

By JOHN FLEMING

OF all the schools of British painting the *genre* painters of the early 19th century are perhaps the most neglected, and the most undeservedly so. How many of us know anything about William Witherington, Thomas Webster, William Collins or Thomas Sword Good? Their pictures languish unappreciated, possibly even unhung, in numerous small provincial houses up and down the country; at best they arouse only a period interest, a dusty, pathetic appeal like that of some old daguerreotype group, a bowl of wax-fruit or knitted flowers. But though the attraction of these minor painters consists largely, it must be confessed, in this fictitious charm, we should not allow this to obscure their very solid and more intrinsic qualities. For these early 19th-century artists were the last, belated representatives of the great 18th-century tradition and have the distinction of preserving many of its qualities while witnessing the débâcle of our National School into the maudlin sentimentalities of Landseer and the grandiloquent pomposities of Leighton and Tadema. Perhaps one of the best, as he is also the most neglected, of these painters was the Berwick artist, Thomas Sword Good.

Good was born in High Street, Berwick-on-Tweed, on December 4, 1789. He was apprenticed at an early age to a house-painter, and while thus congenially employed he taught himself the rudiments of his art. Several of his early and rather naïve works such as the Portrait Group (Fig. 2) still bear his tradesman's label on their backs. And his experience as a house-painter, like Sidney Cooper's experience as a coach-painter, was to stand him in good stead later on, for it is undoubtedly to this experience that the quite exceptionally good state of preservation of his panels and canvases is due. His colour is as clear and fresh to-day as it was the day it was painted. Good seems to have obtained with these early paintings a considerable degree of local popularity and success, for in 1820 he abandoned his trade and took passage in one of the numerous trading vessels that plied between Berwick and London. In London he took a studio

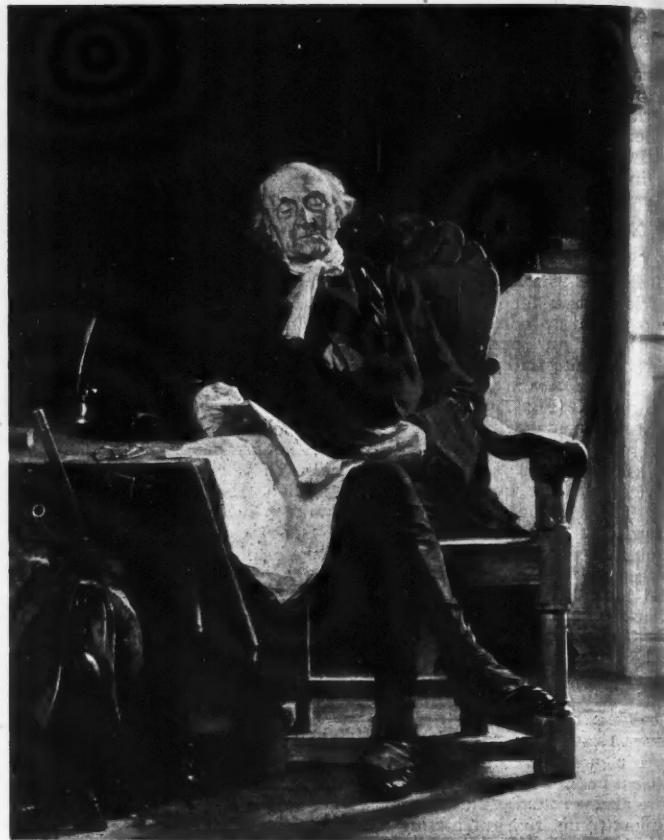
in Henrietta Street, Strand, where he continued to live for the next twelve years. He exhibited regularly at the Royal Academy, the British Institution and the British Artists in Suffolk Street, and soon gained the friendship and admiration of all the most prominent artists of that time. Mulready and Wilkie were, it may be presumed, the most intimate of these since his work resembles theirs so closely in style, but he was evidently on familiar terms with such diverse artists as Constable and Turner, since Constable presented him with an impression of the plates from his works "endorsed with a gratifying inscription," and a somewhat apocryphal story is still told locally of a visit which Turner and Good paid together to Norham Castle. Turner, in reverence for the "noble pile," solemnly doffed his hat and bowed, while Good, with typical North Country common sense, said, "Had awa' man, y'er daft."

Trivial though this story may be, it does, I think, illustrate the two qualities to which Good's work owes its own peculiar excellence—his provincialism and his dour matter-of-factness. For though he worked for many years in London and acquired all the skill and polish of Mulready and Wilkie, he remained essen-

tially the provincial artist, choosing his subjects from the life of Tweedside and, unlike Wilkie, never deserted *genre* for the more lucrative and fashionable "historical" painting. The anecdotic painting of contemporary life was his *forte*, and he evidently conceived it his duty to chronicle the scene and respect the truth. Indeed his best work must all have been done during his visits from London to Berwick, for the models are known to have been local people—the dominie in *The Late Scholar*, for instance, was a certain Mr. Moscrop of Tweedmouth, while many of his groups of fishermen are portraits of local worthies and their sons from the Greenses.

More important, however, than his choice of subject matter was his dour Northumbrian common sense and his level-headed appreciation of his own limitations, which prevented him from romanticising or prettifying his sitters or stressing overmuch the sentimentality of his anecdotes. This is all the more striking when we remember that the year of his first exhibit in the Royal Academy was memorable chiefly for the furore caused by Landseer's *Alpine Mastiffs Reanimating a Distressed Traveller*, while the picture of the year, Wilkie's *Chelsea Pensioners receiving the Gazette announcing the Battle of Waterloo*, aroused such violent emotions that a railing had to be erected in order to preserve it from the crush of its demonstrative admirers. Good's career does, in fact, offer a convincing proof of the importance of tradition, for he might very well have followed the current fashions and developed into a Marcus Stone.

However, he wisely confined himself to subjects as simple and diurnal as those of the Dutch Masters, and specialised in those small groups or single character studies in which he celebrated the rollicking and robust life of his native town. His own forthright and direct method of painting, no less than his pawky humour and plump sense of fun, emphasised the sanity, vigour and strength of character of his sitters. He delighted in such scenes as the *Power of Music*, in which he depicted with gusto a Presbyterian of the old school succumbing, in the seclusion of his home, to the ungodly



1.—NO NEWS. IN THE TATE GALLERY



2.—A MUSIC PARTY. Messrs. Thirston, Hodgin, William Marshall, Samuel Yelloby Burn, Thomas White and Robert Weddell, of Berwick, and Mr. Alexander Ballantyne, of Kelso



3.—THE SMUGGLERS

charms of flute and 'cello, or more homely scenes such as *No News* (Fig. 1), or others in which some tough and hardy matron is engaged in cleaning fish—her costume very characteristic of the North with its high white linen cap, black cape, grey skirts and white apron. But he was happiest when depicting some convivial group of sailors or smugglers; a jolly and obviously capable set of men, instinct with the vigour and sterling qualities of character which had won for us a quarter of the world. Like the smugglers here illustrated (Fig. 3) they are usually hard drinkers, but as far removed from the intoxicated boors of Breughel as they are from the melancholy alcoholics of Lautrec.

In technique Good was admirably robust and ingenuous; he had no tricks of style, but within the limits of his decidedly pedestrian convention he achieved an astonishing technical perfection, attaining sometimes to such an extreme elaboration of finish that his work might be mistaken for that of an early pre-Raphaelite. Indeed this has happened, for his panel, *Practice makes Perfect*, was inaccurately attributed to Holman Hunt in the catalogue of the Victorian Exhibition held at the Leicester Galleries in 1941. In the rendering of textures he was particularly sensitive and skilful; observe, for

instance, in the *Sailor and Sailorboy* (Fig. 4), the fluffy softness of the boy's jersey, the crispness and stiffness of his linen trousers, the thick pelt of the old sailor's jacket and the oily and sticky surface of his leather apron and boots. But despite his passion for the accurate rendering of detail and his preference for painting on a very small scale (*The Smugglers* measures 15 ins. by 11 ins.) he is never fussy or pernickety. The detail is never allowed to crowd the canvas. His outstanding weakness lay in composition. Indeed his grouping is often so inept and clumsy that one is almost persuaded that he found some peculiar excellence in creating a hole in the middle of the canvas. Such clumsiness is made all the more obvious by the artificial manner in which he "posed" his sitters in front of a backcloth, lit by studio cross-lights exactly in the manner of the early photographers.

Unfortunately Good's career came to a sudden close in 1833, for in that year he inherited sufficient property to provide him with a competency. He returned to Berwick, where he lived quietly in his house on the Quay Wall, amusing himself by sailing his boat on the



4.—SAILOR AND SAILORBOY

In the possession of Mr. C. Lee, of Berwick-on-Tweed

river and frequenting the company of the fishermen he had painted with such understanding and affection. His name is occasionally mentioned in contemporary local records such as the Letters of Dr. Johnston, of Berwick, the conchologist and founder of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club. Good was evidently regarded as one of the principal ornaments of local society, which could boast, at that time, of such characters as Selby, of Twizell, and the redoubtable Doctor himself.

Although he lived to the ripe age of 82, dying on April 4, 1872, Good never painted anything after his return to Berwick. No satisfactory explanation has ever been given for this strange renunciation, but, whatever his reason, he thereby deprived us of many delightful works of art. For he was undoubtedly one of the most accomplished and charming of minor British painters.



5.—"SELF PORTRAIT," WATER-COLOUR



6.—THE LATE SCHOLAR

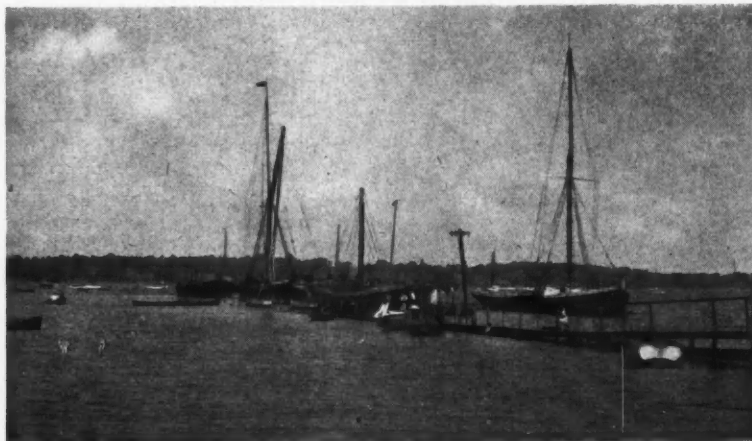
LIFE IN A HOUSE-BOAT

By A. G. PEARSON

IF you study a map of the Suffolk-Essex border, north of the Thames estuary, you will find a complicated series of creeks and estuaries in what, within sixty miles of London, is some of the loneliest and bleakest country in lowland England.

Suffolk has three of these estuaries, the Alde, the Deben and the Orwell, and the northern half of a fourth, the Stour, which it shares with Essex. Each has its own peculiarities and particular landscape: the Alde follows a long, flat, lonely coast behind a twelve mile pebble ridge, the Deben has sandy beaches and wooded cliffs of yellow gravel, the Stour is wide and shallow, with so vast an expanse of black mud at low tide that it is a problem, even with a telescope, to identify small shore birds feeding in the shallows.

My own estuary, the Orwell, probably attracts more human visitors than any of the others. It is not so good for birds, except sheld-duck, being on the whole too narrow and too much frequented. It is the only one with hilly shores—hilly, that is, for Suffolk, though Suffolk is not nearly so flat as is often thought. One's impression of it is of a long arm of water winding between low and often wooded hills. It is also the only estuary with a comparatively deep channel, which accounts for the flourishing port of Ipswich at its head, and its popularity



1.—PINMILL ANCHORAGE, ON THE ORWELL ESTUARY, SUFFOLK, AT HIGH TIDE

When we came to live there, my wife and I were the only house-boat dwellers in the village. When we left, less than two years later, there was quite a small colony of us, living in converted barges, lighters and landing-craft. The last family to join us arrived under their own power from London, in a landing-craft most creditably converted by themselves. They were telling me the other night about the large water-borne communities on the Thames, and how they pay mooring fees of up to twenty-five shillings a week, and must carry all their rubbish ashore. Thanks mainly to the strongly tidal

are worked loose, and in time, I suppose, to take a dismal view of the matter, the boat will break herself to pieces. During the latter part of 1947's dry summer most of the boats were leaking more or less badly, and our own the worst. Luckily, during cold weather the timbers never really got a chance to dry out, so that in winter we remained snug and dry. But my experience of amphibian life in a tidal estuary has taught me that an old wooden house-boat such as ours is better permanently grounded.

The boat that we rented was a converted Thames lighter, moored to the backyard of the Butt and Oyster Inn. She was very old, and looked her age when we took her over, but we cheered her up considerably by painting the deck-house a vivid pillar-box red, in rather startling contrast to her battered and weather-stained hull. Approach to our front entrance was by a long gang-plank seven feet above ground or water, according to the state of the tide. The deck-house, of double deal boards, included two cabin bunks, kitchenette, scullery with sink, and a large living-room containing four more bunks built in under the main deck. Amidships was a coal bunker, and she was well equipped with built-in drawers and cupboards.

We cooked by a paraffin pressure stove and an old twin-burner oil range—a vile contraption which smoked abominably. For heating we had an excellent yachting-type stove which would burn anything from driftwood to anthracite. For fresh water, which is always a difficulty with house-boats, we had the best site in the village: our deck tank, which held about a week's supply, could be quickly filled by means of a hose-pipe from the inn yard.

The roof, of felt-covered planks, was proof against any weather except heavy rain, during which the sliding entrance-hatch was inclined to be a weakness. In strong sunshine the heat below decks could be trying, but with our sixteen small windows we could make the most of any breeze going. In very cold weather we suffered from condensation on walls and ceiling, but in spite of this I think the boat was at her best in winter. A very warm and snug home she made then, with one of our bitter easterly gales thrashing at the windows, and a good fire roaring up the stove-pipe. Last winter people would often condole with us for living in an "old boat," but she weathered the exceptional cold with complete success—though we ran short of coal and had to depend on wood.

But we shall never forget that winter. When the frost was at its height the estuary made a picture I shall probably never see again in England. Great shattered plates of snow, as hard as cement, were piled along our sides as if some bad-tempered giant had been smashing his crockery. At spring tides they floated, and I had some busy minutes poling them away from us with a boat-hook. Beneath them was solid ice, swept clear of snow by the wind, so that for once you could walk dry-shod over the mud, until disaster overtook you, for the foreshore was like a sloping roof of well-oiled glass. And sometimes astonishing sounds would reach us from the shipping channel—an incessant dull roaring and crashing as the moored buoys ripped through the pack ice



2.—THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE-BOAT, A CONVERTED THAMES LIGHTER, LEFT HIGH ON THE MUD BY THE EBBING TIDE

with yachtsmen. Like the Stour, it is an estuary of mud-flats, but these are narrower and do not dominate the landscape to anything like the same degree as do those of the Stour.

The house-boat at Pinmill in which I lived for eighteen months (Fig. 2) is on the south side of the estuary, about midway between Ipswich and the sea. Pinmill is an untidy place, a waterside village of small boats which smells of seaweed and tar. If you have ever lived in East Anglia you will know the sort of place I mean. It has an inn with the fascinating name of the Butt and Oyster (Fig. 3), a boat-building yard, a sail-maker, a broken-down jetty, and a gravel "hard" where spritsail barges lie up for repairs and refitting. These barges, with their scrolled and gilded transoms and great spread of red-brown sail, are among the loveliest things on the estuary; Pinmill would not be the same without them. The village is also a great yachting centre, and the anchorage makes a lively picture during the season.

character of the estuary, we were troubled with none of these restrictions on the Orwell. Most refuse, for instance, could be simply disposed of by tipping it overboard at high water.

In this respect the tide was a blessing, but there are disadvantages about a tidal estuary which are especially felt in a dry summer. It is difficult for a boat's timbers to settle down when at least once a day they are alternately swollen with water and then dried out and shrunk by a strong sun. Seams are opened, bolts



3.—THE BUTT AND OYSTER INN AT PINMILL

sweeping down on the ebb. Some of these floating masses would be crowded with gulls making a free passage to the sea.

But to return to the house-boat. She weathered the winter well, but she was no amphibian luxury flat. At first, until we got used to the anatomy of lighters, the kelson gave trouble. The kelson is a raised beam or keel which projects inwards along the whole length of the flat-bottomed hull. In the dim light of the oil lamps, before we bought a Tilley, our visitors were constantly falling over it. Repeated warnings were of no avail. Some damage was done, and the more elderly among them became violently prejudiced against living in house-boats.

Then there was the wooden bung that I had to knock out at intervals to release the water that we shipped at high tides. This bung achieved a certain rather sinister prominence in my life because of the dread possibility that I might one day forget to replace it. Anyone who has experienced, as we have, the dire effects of salt water on carpets and mattresses will understand our concern over this. Luckily it never quite happened, but there were several near escapes.

Our normal intake of water was easily controlled by the bung, but last summer, owing to the hot, dry weather, it became a serious menace. In addition to the destructive effects of tide and sun combined, we suffered also from our situation on a sloping foreshore, so that we were regularly aground one end and afloat the other, as the tide went in or out. Lying awake at night one often heard a series of loud creaks and cracks which might last several minutes: it was the timbers protesting as the old boat by slow and painful degrees became waterborne. We



4.—PINMILL VILLAGE FROM THE WATER-FRONT

also noted that doors which closed easily when she was afloat had to be forced when she was aground. It was evident that a good deal of straining and distortion was taking place, so that caulking and even the sheathing of seams with felt and planking was of little use.

In the second week of September came the equinoctial springs, which are the highest tides of the year, and we began to hear a new sound as we lay awake in bed, as if half a dozen taps had been left running. It was water pouring through the seams. Twice daily our kitchen floor was flooded, and more than once the whole floor below decks was well and truly awash from end to end. My poor wife almost got used to it, and would splash busily about in the kitchen with water half-way up her gum boots, as if nothing were amiss. But in the end it became too much for us: we gave up our life on the water for a life on wheels, and bought the

caravan in which we are living now.

The boat is now on the blocks with the shipwrights at work on her. There is little doubt she has a future, if properly repaired and more suitably berthed. But at present they can't get the spikes with which to re-nail her, and if they move her off without re-nailing I am told there is even a chance of her breaking up. She has an abandoned look, out there at the end of the jetty, and we are sorry to see her so, for in spite of our unlucky summer we never once regretted moving out of Ipswich to live in her. There is a certain atmosphere of adventure about living in a boat, and anyone with a strong interest in Nature can find plenty in this estuary to keep him occupied and happy.

An incidental attraction was the excellent inn almost on our front door step. Some of its patrons came from far afield, and here on summer evenings you could meet yachting enthusiasts from all over Britain. But for me the main thing was the fascination of the estuary itself. Often, in the cheerful lamplight of the bar, my eye would be caught by the open window, framing a ghostly pattern of masts and black hulls mirrored darkly in water like grey glass. Far out on the tideway the light buoys would be winking, and dimly I would hear the crying of duck and waders on passage. At such times I felt I was having the best of two worlds, one of them human, familiar and friendly, the other with its bird cries and water gleams a mystery of darkness and the night. And more and more, as the spell of the estuary grew on me, I was drawn to that other life beyond the window, being lived so intensely between the owl-haunted woods and the tide.

RYE AND THE PUTTER

WELL, the Society has got away with it again. That is the reflection that occurs to me as I sit in front of the Dormy House fire at Rye, having been blown and blustered at by the wind and drowned by stinging showers of rain till I hardly knew whether I was on my head or my heels. The tumult and the shouting has died: everybody has packed up and gone back to London, and here am I left alone, save for one old friend in the opposite armchair, to think about it. Admittedly we take a big risk in the January weather, but except for one afternoon that weather was really very kind, and as long as play is at all possible the result is a festival of good golf and good friends, which everyone who knows it rates easily first in all the golfing events of the year.

There was a wonderfully good field this time, perhaps the strongest there ever has been. Only Robert Sweeney, who had to go to America, was absent, and A. A. Duncan, who won, has every possible reason to be proud and pleased with himself. Nobody ever worked harder for victory. He won the final by 2 and 1; he beat Illingworth and Harvey each at the home hole; he beat Roger Wethered at the 17th, after perhaps the most trying of all his matches since his opponent was playing a typically heart-breaking game, driving to Heaven knows where and then coming back with a great recovery to take the hole out of the enemy's mouth. And, of course, on the very first day of all he went to the 24th hole against John Beck, had to stop because the ball was invisible in the gathering darkness, and went on to the 26th next morning, where he won at long last. That was a pretty severe trial as a preliminary to an obviously severe test against Gerald Micklem. But Duncan is a great fighter and more than that a great winner. He was said to have the turn of the luck in some of his games, and I dare say he did; the winner generally has the run of the green with him. But I am quite sure of this: that if fortune favoured him it favoured the brave. As far as it is possible genuinely to revel in a desperately close game I believe he does. That

is a blessed temperament and a temperament that wins.

The final itself was an extraordinary game. Did anyone ever before win his first hole of the round at the 15th, and yet win the match by 2 and 1? I am not good at the statistics of history, but I never heard of such a thing. The match began with ten halves in a row and not merely were the holes halved but they always looked likely to be. Now and again either

THE OLD FONT

*A DEDICATED stone, but someone gave it
With the request that we would save it
From wanton wastage, meted in the rough
To things of beauty valued not enough
For their smooth surface, or their graceful shape.
Fortunate now, if tardy, its escape
To serve as bird-bath on a pedestal.*

*At morning's call
Come grey-ruffed jackdaws in their solemn pairs
To taste the water, much as connoisseurs,
When wine is scarce and hardly to be bought,
Let it slip down their gullets with due thought.
Time and again our blackbird condescends
To take a dip with other well-groomed friends.
A dozen starlings waddle down the path
To splash and frolic in their shallow bath.
 Tits, finches, sparrows crowd in turn to drink
And chatter gossip round the curving brink.
 Others—good Baptists—totally submerge,
 Shaking their plumage dry along the verge.
 From those who sing such joyful thanks for use
 The old font surely suffers no abuse.*

MAY I. E. DOLPHIN.

Duncan or Micklem had to hole a nasty little one to save his neck; now and again one of the two had a holeable but no more than a holeable one to win, but that is the most that can be said. Of course, there were ifs and ands and oughts. Micklem ought to have got his nose in front at

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

the 9th and again at the 10th, but he could not quite do it. The wind sweeping right across the links made any putt most uncommonly difficult and, moreover, a long row of halves has something of a hypnotic effect on the players; it requires a most resolute effort to break the spell. When they had halved the first ten holes I remembered that I had seen Sandy Herd and Tom Ball do the same thing in the final of the *News of the World* competition nearly forty years ago. The book subsequently reminded me that Vardon and Willie Park had done it at North Berwick in 1899. Their record has now been equalled but not beaten for Micklem broke through at last and won the 11th. At the 16th and 17th the luck was with Duncan, for his second at the 16th, played with a lofted club, flew very, very low to end nearly dead, and at the 17th Micklem, having a shortish putt to win, laid himself a dead stymie. It was a sad ending but a great match.

There had been an equally fine one in the semi-final between Duncan and Illingworth. The latter plays very little golf nowadays and people have begun to forget what a very good player he is. A man who is out of practice is apt either to play very badly, just because he is out of practice, or very well, because he finds golf so fresh and enjoyable. This last was Illingworth's case; he was hitting his shots with infinite zest; he improved steadily as he went along, and if there was any luck in the match, then I think it was against him. In the other semi-final Micklem beat Loveday comfortably enough, but Loveday had done more than enough for honour and glory in the round before. Four down with five to go is as depressing a situation as need be against the mildest adversary; against such a good golfer as D. J. C. Lawrie it is apparently hopeless; it is simply "not on" to get the holes back. But that is what Loveday did, playing all five in the strictest par figures and carrying them off relentlessly one after the other. Of course he had some help from his opponent; there never was a great spurt that was not helped, but all

the same it was a notable achievement, one of those deeds that qualify for Ben Sayers's words, "It's no possible but it's a fact."

The onlooker has a most ungratefully short memory in watching a tournament. By the time the final day arrives he has forgotten all about the heroes, over whom he had been ecstatic only one or two days before. Let me, therefore, not forget to pay tribute to D. H. R. Martin, once a winner and twice a runner-up in this tournament. He was the unquestioned hero of the first three rounds. He had a horrid place in the draw, meeting Crawley, Lucas and

Oppenheimer one after the other and beating them all. Alas! "the meteor drops and in a flash expires." Worn out by these triumphs he just could not hit a shot in the fourth round against Illingworth and was beaten far from home; but those who saw it will not easily forget the concentrated venom of his attack against Crawley. It was magnificent and it was war. I never saw a better bit of giant-killing.

There are plenty of other people deserving of mention, but they must needs go unsung. I must say, however, what a great pleasure it was to their elders to see so many present-day

undergraduates in the field. They add to the gaiety of nations and they gain valuable experience. Rye was in very good order, astoundingly good when its war-time ordeal is remembered, and what a great course it is! The second half, which was once thought the harder of the two, now seems almost easy by comparison with the first. As to those first nine holes I cannot say I have any passionate desire to attempt them myself, but if for the long and strong they are truly splendid. Given a good stiff wind and they are enough to test the best of golfers almost out of his seven senses.

CORRESPONDENCE

HOMING INSTINCT OF DOGS

SIR,—Apropos of the letter in your issue of January 9 about a cocker spaniel that returned 60 miles to a home, you may care to hear of a remarkable homing achievement to a very, very casual home.

On October 1, 1939, I motored from Shoburness to Newcastle-on-Tyne with my cross-bred sealyham, and arrived during the black-out after midnight and found accommodation in a hotel opposite the station. The following morning after breakfast I walked past the station to the garage and from there half-way across Newcastle to Fenham Barracks. I spent three hours in the barracks and had to leave Poo outside an office door for part of this time. When I came to leave, it was raining hard and I learnt that Poo had been chased out of the barracks and had gone hell for leather down the road! I had to leave Newcastle immediately and had lost my only friend, collarless and licenceless though he was.

When I reached the hotel, after numerous enquiries as to the way and after crossing many main roads with trams and all that sort of thing, there was Poo sitting beside the swing door of the hotel. He had been there an hour and nobody could persuade him inside or move him off the steps.

How did he find that hotel and how was he so sure that it was there that we stayed from midnight to 9 a.m.?—GEORGE THORNILEY-WALKER, Coberley, Belleview Grove, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire.

A WAXWING IN LANCASHIRE

SIR,—You may be interested to hear that I saw a waxwing in this garden on January 6. It was feeding on fallen hawthorn berries and flew up on to the top of a high tree at my approach.

We had a small flock about the place during the very hard weather last February. They stayed for several weeks. Before then I had never seen one in all the years I have lived in this part of West Lancashire.—MARGARET M. STOBART, *The White House, Parbold, near Wigan, Lancashire.*



EARLY 19th-CENTURY ENGRAVING OF THE DEVIL'S ARROWS, NEAR BOROUGHBIDGE, YORKSHIRE

See letter: *The Devil's Arrows*

THE DEVIL'S ARROWS

SIR,—Apropos of Mr. G. Bernard Wood's illustrated letter in your issue of December 5, 1947, about the Devil's Arrows, near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, the enclosed print of an engraving by W. Wallis for the *Antiquarian Itinerary*, published in 1818, may be of interest to your readers. It appears to give the reverse view of the arrows to that shown in Mr. Wood's photograph.—R. O. HANCOCK, 40, Rutland Gate, S.W.1.

FOR GETTING AT A TREE'S HEART

SIR,—The long-headed axe illustrated in your issue of January 9 is known in some parts of the country as a narrow axe as distinct from a broad or round-axe. It was used when timber was felled by the axe alone, to get at the heart or "point" of a big tree. The tree was "set in" or "rounded" by the broad axe.

I remember that forty years ago sales of timber agreements in Mont-

gomeryshire contained a stipulation that the trees should be felled by axe alone and the stumps "properly cupped out," so that the stump would hold the rainwater and quickly rot. I have seen a feller get down on one knee to use the narrow axe to get the last bit of the heart out.—S. FIELD, Longthorns, Blandford, Dorset.

A STUART BANQUETING HALL?

SIR,—You may like to publish the enclosed photographs of an elaborate Stuart summer-house or banqueting hall at Swarkeston, Derbyshire. The building, shown in my first photograph, overlooks a field known locally as the Balcony Field, which is enclosed by a low wall and measures 100 yards by 60. In the wall opposite the balcony is a doorway surmounted by battlements, illustrated in the other photograph. The two towers with lead-covered domes have three storeys, and above the open pillared arcade is a long room with a fireplace. The enclosure is believed to have been used

for sports, including bull-baiting, but another local name, the Bowling Green, perhaps indicates its original use.

This building, together with a huge barn and stone walls, is all that remains of the home of Sir Richard Harpur, a judge of Queen Elizabeth and a member of a well-known family whose tombs are the pride of the local church. The Harpur manor, standing close by Swarkeston Bridge, the important gateway over the Trent to the north, was fortified for the King in 1643, but the routing of the Royalists here by Sir John Gell led to its demolition. To-day a large farm-house, built of the stone from the manor, stands on the spot, and the Balcony Field serves as an ideal enclosure for lambing and other farm purposes.—FRANK RODGERS, Derby.

"BADGER-FOOTED"

SIR,—In Oxfordshire the superstition that the legs on one side of a badger are shorter than those on the other, mentioned by Major Jarvis in *A Countryman's Notes*, is embodied in the phrase "badger-footed." Thus a gardener faced with mowing the sloping bank of a lawn will say: "I'll have to do it badger-footed." It would be interesting to know when the superstition began.—A. FORTESCUE (Mrs.), Fosote, Banbury, Oxfordshire.

AN EARLY PAINTING OF WINTER SPORTS

From Sir Strati Ralli, Bart.

SIR,—The painting of winter sports at Montmorency reproduced in your issue of January 9 forms part of a set of coloured plates published in London in 1833 by Ackermann and Co., 96, Strand, captioned: "This view of the Cone of Montmorency as it appeared in 1829 is by Special Permission dedicated to His Most Excellent Majesty William the Fourth. From a drawing by Lieut.-Col. Cockburn: aquatint by C. Bently."—STRATI RALLI, 15A, Kensington Palace Gardens, W.8.

GREY GOOSE OR GREEN GOOSE?

SIR,—The letter from Mr. Evershed in your issue of November 21, 1947, regarding the song, *Mr. Fox*, brought back to me my nursery days of the early '70s. Only one stanza, the fifth, has stuck in my mind, and my recollection of it is only slightly different in wording from that which you printed. Mrs. Slipper Slopper called to her husband (or son) with but two "Johns," instead of three. "John! John!" with a pause between, seems to fit the metre as well as three quick "Johns," and is rather more emphatic.

However, the important difference is where Mr. Evershed's text applies the epithet "grey" to denote the colour of the goose. As a child I thought the goose was coloured green—for my book said so. And it was not till I grew up and had started on that perilous journey towards a green old age that I realised that here "green" meant only immature, as in the adage about the moon being made of green cheese.

In my opinion the phrase "green goose" given in my version of the text may have been used because it is a countryman's



A STUART BANQUETING HALL OR SUMMER-HOUSE AT SWARKESTON, DERBYSHIRE. (Right), SEEN THROUGH A DOORWAY IN THE WALL ENCLOSING THE BALCONY FIELD, WHICH IT OVERLOOKS

See letter: *A Stuart Banqueting Hall?*

vernacular for a young goose, but this is only a city man's guess. Be that as it may, I shall continue to cherish my childhood's belief that "green goose" was the proper original wording. It seemed as delightful to me then as Gelett Burgess's "purple cow" did later.

The verses, in their earliest form, were certainly published before 1875. In my book there was no music score. My home at that time was in Philadelphia, and I assumed my book was printed in the United States.

In *The Book of Knowledge: The Children's Encyclopedia*, edited by Holland Thompson, New York, and Arthur Lee, London; published New York, The Grolier Society, and London, The Educational Book Company, 1922 et seq., Vol. XVII, pp. 6382-3, there is printed, anonymously, without music, a much altered version of the poem, five stanzas, called *The Fox and His Wife, They had a Great Strife*. The sixth stanza there reads:

Old Hammer Hipple-hopple hopped
out of bed,
She opened her casement, and
popped out her head;
"Oh, husband, oh, husband, the
grey goose is dead,
"And the fox is gone through the
town, oh!"

—H. W. K. HALE, 3193, Westmount
Boulevard, Montreal, Canada.

RHYME ON A TREE TRUNK

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers throw any light on the origin of the rhyme set out below? It is carved on the trunk of the southernmost beech tree on the more southerly of the two Sinodun Hills, popularly known as Wittenham Clumps, in Berkshire.

The condition of the inscription, which is now covered with lichen and the initials of more recent carvers, indicates that it was probably inscribed early in the last century. The date 1823 can just be made out at its foot, possibly inscribed by a later carver:—

As up this hill with lab'ring steps we
tread
Where the twin clumps their sheltering
branches spread
The summit gain'd, at ease reclining lay
And all around the widespread scene
survey
Point out each object, and instructive tell
The various changes that the land befel.
Where that low bank the country wide
surrounds



REFECTORY TABLE IN THE GUILDHALL AT LEICESTER

See letter: Britain's Longest Refectory Table?

That ancient earthwork form'd old
Mercia's bounds
In misty distance see the barrow rise
There long forgotten lonely Cwiclem lies
Around this hill the ruthless Danes
encamp'd
And these fair plains with gory slaughter
swamp'd
While at our feet there stands the stately
tower
In days gone by upheld by Roman power
And under there where Thame's smooth
water glides
In later days appear'd below the . . .
Within that field where . . . the . . .
heard
Huge walls were found where . . . was
inter'd
Such is the . . . which . . .
An . . .

Unfortunately, as you see, the base of the inscription is all but indecipherable. I should be most grateful if any of your readers could fill in the last lines, or tell me the author of the verses.—H. J. M. BOWEN, Magdalen College, Oxford.

[We understand from Mr. H. Minn, of Oxford, that these verses were composed by a Mr. Joseph Tubb, of Warborough, Oxfordshire, circa 1844-5.—ED.]

A FLEMISH BRASS

SIR,—With reference to the article about English church brasses in last week's COUNTRY LIFE, I send you a rubbing of a brass in the church of All Hallows, Barking, commemorating Andrew Ewyngar, salter, and his wife Ellyn, circa 1535. This fine brass is of Flemish workmanship, and, before the destruction of the church by enemy action, was in the centre of the nave. It is a rectangular plate 2 ft. 10 ins. by 1 ft. 11 ins.

Against a background, richly diapered with foliage and tracery, are the figures of the deceased, standing on a carpet, and, between them, their children, one son and six daughters. Above their heads is the Virgin of Pity.

On the right are the arms of the Salters' Company (Per chevron, azure and gules, 3 sprinkling salts argent), and on the left those of the Merchant Adventurers of Hamburg (Barry nebulee of 6, argent and azure, a chief quarterly, gules and or; on the 1st and

4th a lion passant, on the 2nd and 3rd 2 roses barbed vert.). On a shield at the merchant's feet is his trade mark.

Underneath is the inscription, which is partly defaced, the prayers for the dead having been erased—presumably by relatives to save the brass from the Puritans' destructive zeal. It may have originally read:—

(Of your charitie praye for ye
souls) of Andrew Ewyngar cytezen
and salter of London and Ellyn his
(wyff on whoos soulys Jesu m'cy.
Amen.) Words restored are in
brackets.

Andrew Ewyngar was the son of John Ewyngar, a brewer, of Antwerp. Among other bequests to "ye church of All Hallows Barking" in his will is one "to a preeste of good name and fame to sing a trental of St. Gregory in ye S. church, for a whole year next his decease, 40s, 41s or 42s, as his executors can best agree."—A. E. KNIGHT, 60, Peartree Lane, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire.

THE FYFIELD ELM?

SIR,—Recently, when in Fyfield, Berkshire, I asked to be directed to the Fyfield elm, mentioned in *The Scholar Gipsy*. Two or three people had no idea where it was, but at length I was told to go a little way along the road to Oxford, to a spot where the wreck of a veteran elm stands by the wayside, opposite a road junction. This tree, shown in my photograph, was said to be the Fyfield elm, better known locally as the Tubney elm. Perhaps one of your readers can say whether it is in fact the elm referred to by Matthew Arnold.

The three large pieces still living are another interesting example of how a tree (or part of a tree) can survive in relatively good health long after all its heart has gone.—J. W.

UNUSUAL GRAVESTONE LETTERING

SIR,—On a recent visit to Paisley Abbey, Renfrewshire, I was struck by a peculiarity of the lettering on the tombstones in the floor of the nave and on the walls of the aisles. The wording, instead of running laterally, as I have seen it everywhere else, started at the top left-hand corner, across the slab, then down the right-hand side, along the bottom, and up the left-hand

side, and so on until it ended in the middle. What is the explanation of this peculiarity?

There was another unusual feature of these grave-slabs: many have inscribed on them, "This is the property of —."

Does either of these features occur in any other church in this island?—W. BRUCE LAURIE, 49, Verona Avenue, West Southbourne, Bournemouth.

[The inscription on a mediæval grave-slab normally runs round the four sides. When brasses and effigies fell into disfavour, the centre of the slab was left unoccupied, providing further space for the inscription. Evidently tradition was so strong that some masons went on cutting inscriptions in the time-honoured way, starting round the edge and then, having more space at their disposal, working inward to the centre. We believe that grave-slabs of this kind are not confined to Paisley. For burial in a church a comparatively large fee was demanded, and so perhaps it is not altogether surprising to find Scotsmen insisting that the place in the church for which they had paid was their property, even though a grave.—ED.]

BRITAIN'S LONGEST REFECTORY TABLE?

SIR,—The illustration, in COUNTRY LIFE of December 19, 1947, of the refectory table at the Great Hospital at Norwich prompts me to send you a photograph of the fine old refectory table in the Guildhall at Leicester. It is 25 ft. 5 ins. long and 2 ft. 9 ins. wide and in one piece, and it would be interesting to know if it is the longest in the country. It belongs to the Earl



AN OLD ELM TREE, REPUTED TO BE MATTHEW ARNOLD'S FYFIELD ELM, BESIDE THE OXFORD-FARINGDON ROAD

See letter: The Fyfield Elm?

of Gainsborough, of Exton Hall, and has been loaned to the city authorities.—F. LUMBERS, Leicester.

NORTH-WEST FRONTIER MEMORIALS

SIR,—Apropos of Mr. Curtis's article in your issue of December 19, 1947, about North-West Frontier memorials, the defence of the Kabul Residency in 1879, which the Guides Memorial commemorates, remains an unexcelled feat of arms despite two subsequent world wars, owing to the unexampled valour and chivalry of the Moslem soldiers of the Guides, who might have surrendered without discredit after their British officers had been killed. There was nothing in the Residency left to defend, and they could have saved their own lives. This they dis-



FLEMISH BRASS (circa 1535) FORMERLY AT ALL HALLOWS, BARKING-BY-THE-TOWER

See letter: A Flemish Brass

dained to do because no quarter, as they well knew, would have been granted by the Afghans to their Dogra, Sikh and Gurkha comrades. So they shot it out to the last man for this reason alone, to their everlasting glory.

It was a remarkable coincidence that Sir Louis Cavnagari was brought up at Carrick Blacker, Co. Armagh, as a ward of the then head of the Blacker family, and that the mother of Walter Hamilton, V.C., who commanded the Guides detachment, was also a Blacker. Again, the third British officer was Surgeon Kelly, of the Guides, yet another fellow-countryman.

Among interesting memorials that Mr. Curtis does not mention are that on the summit of the 18,000 ft. Karakoram pass, to the memory of Dalglish, and that to Lord Kitchener, erected by the Thum of Hunza. The former, if not already in Pakistan, soon will be. The latter is a shrine rather than a monument, and was placed in the face of a great cliff, after the Field-Marshal's death in the North Sea.

Another memorial of great interest is that in the tiny village of Makhad, near Attock on the Indus. If my memory be correct, it bears the names of no fewer than 42 gallant young Khattaks, all killed in action in the war of 1914-18, from this one minute hamlet, and all volunteers.—L. V. S. BLACKER (Lt.-Col.), Coldhayes, near Liss, Hampshire.

LIBRARY STEPS FOR MONTACUTE

SIR,—In his attractive and instructive article of December 12, 1947, entitled *Some Lesser Woods*, Mr. J. D. U. Ward pictured a set of antique library steps which are noteworthy not only from the unexpected use of pear-wood for their construction, but from their uncommon and original form, a delightful mingling of Chinese and Rococo design.

For comparison and in contrast with these charming but simple country-made steps I send you a photograph of a pair of library steps, executed at about the same date (circa 1770) though of superior craftsmanship and obviously the work of a highly skilled London cabinet-maker.

These steps, a piece of furniture of outstanding quality, came from the collection of the late Mrs. James Henderson, of 18, Wilton Place, S.W., and were presented a short time ago to Montacute House, Somerset, by her daughters, Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson and Mrs. Blewitt, in accordance with her wish that they should go to the National Trust. They now adorn the big library situated on the first floor of Montacute House.



LIBRARY STEPS OF INLAID MAHOGANY (circa 1770) AT MONTACUTE, SOMERSET. (Right) PEAR-WOOD LIBRARY STEPS OF APPROXIMATELY THE SAME DATE



A PACK-HORSE BRIDGE NEAR BARBON AND (right) CHIMNEYS NEAR GRASME, E, WESTMORLAND

See letter: Round Chimneys in Westmorland

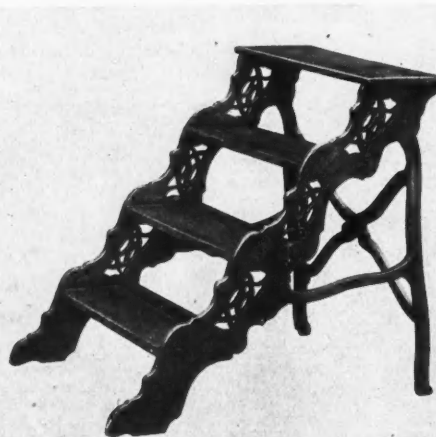
The steps, which are of finely figured mahogany, are five feet across and five feet high. The treads, the platform above, and the openwork stretcher below are inlaid with bands of tulip-wood. The balusters are inlaid and partly chamfered, the handrail is carved on the underside, and the base of the platform faced with a frieze of fluted ornament. The scrolled outlines of the strings which support the treads bear a certain resemblance to those shown in Mr. Ward's photograph.

Nothing is known of the early history of the steps now at Montacute, which must originally have formed part of the fittings of some highly important library. The only other library steps, so far as I know, which can compare with them in quality are the folding ones of the same date, decorated with marquetry of various coloured woods on a mahogany ground, belonging to the Earl of Harewood at Harewood House, Yorkshire, for which they were made presumably at the same time as the famous inlaid satin-wood commode supplied to Lord Harewood's ancestor, Edwin Lascelles, by Thomas Chippendale, the bill for which, dated 1773, is still preserved at Harewood.—H. CLIFFORD-SMITH, 25, Campden Grove, London, W.8.

[For comparison with the library steps presented to Montacute House we reproduce the photograph of the steps of pear-wood illustrated in our issue of December 12, 1947.—ED.]

ALPINE MILK TRANSPORT

SIR,—The means adopted by Swiss peasants for transporting milk from the steep pastures on



which their cattle graze in summer range from aerial ropeways to the strapping of flat churns of wood or metal on to the back.

One which I saw employed last year at Jaun, in the Canton Fribourg, involves an interesting adaptation to summer needs of the general-purpose winter luge. For descending to the valley with a full load, the milk churn, of a light aluminium alloy and with a patent locking lid, is lashed to the luge, which trails behind the peasant. My photograph shows a peasant ascending with an empty churn, still lashed to the luge, which balances very easily on the shoulders, steadied with one hand.

The ingenuity of these mountaineers is matched by their craftsmanship, for their luges are usually home-made from local larches.—DOUGLAS DICKINS, 19, Lambolde Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

ROUND CHIMNEYS IN WESTMORLAND

SIR,—You may be interested to see photographs of the Westmorland counterparts of the Somerset round chimneys and pack-horse bridge you illustrated on December 19, 1947.

Particularly in south Westmorland, the chimneys of 16th- and 17th-century houses are very often oval or round, and the shafts are sometimes grouped in twos and threes. The slate windbreak, consisting of five slates and a heavy stone, with which they are sometimes crowned has a somewhat weird appearance.

If the *raison d'être* of pack-horse bridges is hilly country and a multitude of rocky streams, then Westmorland probably has more of them than Somerset. The one I illustrate, which

lies near Barbon, is remarkable in that the roadway is only twenty-seven inches wide.—CHRISTOPHER STRINGER, Hyning Cottage, Levens, Westmorland.

INTERSECTING RAINBOWS

SIR,—I was much interested in Captain Charles Kemp's letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* of January 9 describing his sight of intersecting rainbows, as I once saw



A SWISS PEASANT CARRYING HIS MILK CHURN UP TO THE HIGH SUMMER PASTURES IN THE ALPS

See letter: Alpine Milk Transport

the same phenomenon, and was completely puzzled by it, as I had supposed it to be an impossibility.

I was walking towards Sligo, after a tramp over Knocknarea, that strange flat-topped hill. Before me a dense black cloud reached nearly to the zenith, sending down a thick screen of rain; behind, the sky was clear, and the sun very near the horizon. There was more of the secondary arc than Captain Kemp showed in his sketch: both sides were visible, and rose considerably after cutting the main arc, but did not join—that is to say the arc had no summit.

Your explanation meets the case, for doubtless the low sun threw on the sea a reflection strong enough to produce the second, not parallel, rainbow.—W. KERSLEY HOLMES, 8, Helensburgh Drive, Glasgow, W.3.

MOLES TUNNELLING UNDER SNOW

SIR,—Frances Pitt's article, *Wild Life in the Snow*, in *COUNTRY LIFE* of January 2 reminded me of a phenomenon I observed last winter and have not seen recorded elsewhere.

While following a stream in low-lying country in south Gloucestershire during the thaw after last year's snowy spell, I noticed a network of channels, of about three-quarters of a circle in cross-section, cut in the gently sloping ground by the banks. They were

(Continued on page 191)

See letter: Library Steps for Montacute

unconnected with the work of running water since they were of uniform size and their predominant direction was along, not down, the slope.

When I reached a place where snow remained, it was apparent that the channels were really burrows, dug by moles, judging from the size) at the surface of the ground, under the snow, and with the latter as a roof. When the snow melted they were therefore left open to the air.

One should be interested to hear an explanation of this somewhat short-sighted policy of burrowing.—DESMOND T. FLOOVAN, 12, Royal Crescent, Bath.

Moles regularly tunnel on top of the ground when it is covered with

snow, but why they do so is another matter.—ED.]

BASKET MAKING IN SOMERSET

SIR.—May I, as a former rural industries organiser in Somerset, comment on two small points in the very interesting article, *The Basket-makers of Athelney Marshes*, in your issue of January 2?

Your contributor conveys the idea that "the quaint machine" used to "strip withies" is of ancient origin. This machine, an adaption of a root pulper, was first used in 1929, before which the withies were drawn through a V-shaped slot in a metal plate.

That lighter coloured willows

could be used only in March-July is a superstition for which there are no technical or practical data. Colour is a matter of the variety of willow grown; the darker varieties, usually unstripped, are used for the cheaper hamper.—R. H. BONNY, 11, Langland Avenue, Great Malvern, Worcestershire.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

For Packing Wool.—Jiggers, of which, in your issue of January 2, you illustrated examples from Lavenham, Suffolk, made probably one hundred years ago, are not an obsolete tool. Jerries, as they are known to-day, are on sale in Bradford ironmongers' stores and are in use throughout the country. English wool is still packed

by the same methods as those employed a century ago and presses are seldom used.—FRANK MOSS, *Stott Hill, Bolton Road, Bradford, Yorkshire.*

A Clap Gate in Middlesex.—Apropos of the letter in your issue of January 2 about harr and clap gates, the fine old lych-gate at St. Leonard's Church, Heston, Middlesex, would also appear to be a good example of a clap gate.—J. D. HUTTON, 20, Osterley Lodge, Church Road, Osterley, Middlesex.

Dialect Names for the Smallest Pig.—We have been informed of the following additional local names for the smallest pig of a litter: nissgull (Dorset), Wilfrid (Yorkshire) and Spithag (Isle of Man).—ED.

BUSINESSMEN'S BIGGER STAKE IN BLOODSTOCK

Whatever way or from whatever angle the bloodstock industry is examined, the result can only be termed eminently satisfactory. Last year there was no sign of the slump in prices at Messrs. Tattersall's auctions in Newmarket and Doncaster, nor at Messrs. Goff's in Dublin, which had been so confidently predicted by the pessimists. On the contrary, though there were no hectic prices, the market was good throughout and records were put up at Doncaster and in Dublin, while another might well have been added if the final session at the December Sales had not been so quiet.

That, in brief, is the position of the bloodstock world as an industry; but there is one other point that has hitherto been overlooked, and that is the ever-increasing influx into bloodstock of the leaders in other and more commercialised industries. Few bloodstock breeders have ever been famed for their business acumen; the word "industry," when attached to bloodstock, has often been smiled at, but now, when men who have made their names in the more generally recognised industries enter the folds of the bloodstock world with the very obvious intention of staying, it can be taken as a compliment and as a sure sign that the possibilities of the bloodstock industry are becoming more and more generally recognised. To mention but a few, Major Wills has purchased the Upper and Lower Compton Studs and a house in Newmarket; Mr. John Ismay has added to his Windsor Forest, Winter Paddocks and West Stow Hall properties the greater part of Sir Charles Pulley's Eaton Bishop estate, near Hereford; Mr. A. E. Allnatt, who came into prominence when he bought the whole of the late Lord Glanely's horses *en bloc*, is the new owner of the Aston Park Stud at Aston Rowant; and Mr. Wilfred Harvey, the publisher, has bought the Sandwich Stud in Newmarket from Lord Rosebery and J. L. Jarvis, who had previously owned it in partnership.

Turning from the industry itself to the racing, the much-lauded French invasion continued in 1947 and three of the five classic races—the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks and the Derby—went to thoroughbreds which were bred on the other side of the Channel. As a result, the inferiority of our horses once again became front-page news, in spite of the fact that the dam of Imprudence, winner of our two fillies' classics and the French One Thousand Guineas, was from the Hurry On mare Indiscretion, which had been bred by Lord Rosebery at Mentmore, and sold by him for 600 gns. at the December Sales of 1935; and that the Derby winner, Pearl Diver—in all probability the best of his age—was of English origin in both his tail-male and tail-female lines. This is in no way intended to detract from the merits of Imprudence and Pearl Diver, for they won their races like good

horses and their presence over here introduced a soupçon of competition which—like all competition—will make its benefit felt even if it did only leave the Two Thousand Guineas and the St. Leger to be won by Mr. J. A. Dewar's Tudor Minstrel, and Dante's brother, Sayajirao, respectively. Incidentally, the latter, through his victory in the last of the classics, returned a certain amount of the 28,000 gns. which the Gaekwar of Baroda expended on him as a yearling.

Passing on to what were then the two-year-olds and are now the classic contenders of the forthcoming season, a preliminary word of warning is essential. Last summer was exceedingly dry, with the result that the going was road-hard throughout the flat-racing season and a great many of the best-bred youngsters never ran, while many more were merely broken and given healthy exercise. This means that there is every likelihood of something from among the hitherto unknowns appearing to upset the pretensions of My Babu, Black Tarquin, Birthday Greetings, and The Cobbler, which Mr. Freer, the Official Handicapper, considered to be the four best two-year-olds of the year, and which are the winter favourites for the classics in what little betting there has been.

Writing candidly and entirely from a breeding point of view, I think My Babu, Black Tarquin and Birthday Greetings are not a fascinating trio. Bred in France by the Hon. Peter Beatty, who won the Derby with Bois Roussel, My Babu, who has had his name changed from Lerins, claims the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Djebel, as his sire and is from Perfumpe, she by Badruddin, a half-brother in blood, to Mahmoud, from Lavendula by Pharos. This pedigree suggests very distinct limitations in stamina, as does that of the American-bred colt Black Tarquin, which claims Pay Up's own-brother in blood, Rhodes Scholar, as his sire, and is out of

Vagrancy, she by the Lincolnshire Handicap winner Sir Galahad III. Belonging respectively to the Gaekwar of Baroda and to Mr. William Woodward, the President of the American Jockey Club, they are both trained in Newmarket by F. Armstrong and by Captain Boyd-Rochfort. Neither is eligible for entry in the General Stud Book, so one hopes, for the sake of peace, that neither will gain classic honours. Messrs. Weatherby have done a noble work in keeping their equine stud book clean, and in my opinion it is a pity that these half-breds are eligible for entry in our big races. English-born half-breds cannot, by the way, race in America.

Bred and owned by the Hon. Dorothy Paget, who won the Derby with Straight Deal, Birthday Greetings is by the Derby winner Blue Peter, which has a grand crop of youngsters to represent him this year, and is from Clarapple, a daughter of Apple Sammy, which came from Racla, she by Clarissimus. Sound as is the breeding of his sire, that of his dam does not appeal as likely to adorn a classic pedigree, and there is far more to like in the last of the four, The Cobbler.

The choice of this colt as the best of the quartet seems contrary to the general consensus of opinion, which casts doubts upon his stamina. This is difficult to understand, as he is by Windsor Slipper, which won all three Irish classics and was by Windsor Lad, the victor in our Derby and St. Leger, and is a half-brother to the Irish Thousand Guineas winner Sea Symphony, from Overture, she by Bahram's half-brother Dastur, out of Overmantle, a granddaughter of Son-in-Law on her sire's side and a great granddaughter of Pretty Polly on her dam's. Bred and owned by Lieut.-Col. Giles Loder, and an unbeaten winner of five races, including the Coventry Stakes and the Middle Park Stakes, The Cobbler is trained by N. Murless, who has succeeded F. Darling at Beckhampton. Maybe if there is nothing among the unknowns destined to follow in the footsteps of Airborne and Pearl Diver, he will accredit Murless with his first Derby and add another to the many already won by Beckhampton colts.

The outstanding two-year-old filly was Fair Dinah, a daughter of Big Game from Cap d'Or, she by Gold Bridge. This breeding again is suggestive of stamina limitations, and the One Thousand Guineas may be her only classic hope. Lord Astor's Ash Blonde, which beat her and others in the Cheveley Park Stakes and is by The Phoenix from Miss Minx, a Mr. Jinks mare which was from a daughter of Teddy and of the Cliveden line, has greater possibilities, and might well add another Oaks to the five that her owner-breeder has already won, while there are possibilities about the Aga Khan's filly Masaka, which claims Nearco as her sire and is from a Mahmoud mare. ROYSTON.



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Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THE Metropolitan Police came into existence 117 years ago. "Robert" and "peeler" attested their origin when they succeeded Sir John Fielding's Bow Street runners. These runners, says Mr. H. M. Howgrave-Graham, who has recently retired after long service as Secretary of the Force, were not up to their romantic reputation. In *Light and Shade at Scotland Yard* (Murray, 15s.) he writes: "Their numbers were so small, their efficiency so low, and their integrity so meagre that history rather flatters them in remembering their existence."

Nevertheless, Sir Robert Peel's new force was not hailed with shouts

of consideration of sensational crime. As he says, there are plenty of writers prepared to do that without his lending a hand. Scotland Yard embraces the whole activity of the Metropolitan police. A trivial motoring affair within the area is as much an affair for Scotland Yard as a murder that reaches the headlines. "Talking of murder," says Mr. Howgrave-Graham, "it is a curious fact that the figure year by year remains remarkably constant. When a few sensational front-page murders occur within a short time, people are liable to conclude that things have got to a 'pretty pass.' Actually, it is a safe bet that in any one year the number of murders in

LIGHT AND SHADE AT SCOTLAND YARD.

By H. M. Howgrave-Graham
(Murray, 15s.)

KNOLE AND THE SACKVILLES. By V. Sackville-West
(Drummond, 12s. 6d.)

THE WANDERER. By Alain-Fournier
(Elek, 10s. 6d.)

of enthusiasm, and in a way that was a good thing. It will be a pity when Englishmen accept any uniformed force at sight and untried. It was not till the policemen showed themselves to be the Force we now know that enthusiasm for them grew; and, as anyone can discover who reads this excellent book, even now this enthusiasm is likely to be diluted and to pass from time to time into downright disapproval. Again, a good thing.

GESTAPO THREAT

There were, of course, in those first years many whose objections to the police were based on self-interest; "but the most honest group of objectors were those who saw in a centrally organised police force under the control of the Home Office a very real threat to their legitimate liberties. . . . They felt vaguely apprehensive of what they regarded as a potential spy-system under the control of the authorities."

That is the point. This country, it is to be hoped, will never tolerate even the beginnings of a "police state," and Mr. Howgrave-Graham heartily agrees. "That the public should be capable of working themselves up into a state of angry indignation when they think that somebody has been hardly used by the 'authorities' is entirely healthy. No better safeguard against anything of the Gestapo or Ogpu nature could exist."

Peel's Metropolitan Police totalled 1,011 men. About thirty years before it was founded, a City magistrate estimated the number of criminals as 115,000, or about one in every ten persons. The force now numbers 20,000 and it polices 700 square miles. Of course, many influences in addition to the existence of a good police force have been beneficially at work upon the population since Peel's day; nevertheless, thinking of those days and these, we begin to see that he laid his foundations well.

Our author wisely refrains from limiting the words Scotland Yard to a

London will lie somewhere between twenty-five and thirty-five."

However much we may spread knowledge of other branches of police work, I suppose we shall never cure the romantic public interest in the C.I.D. Their work, when you come to look into it, may be as dull as the next man's, far removed from the combination of bloodhounds and intuition that popular fiction loves. But the point is that, however it is done, it is concerned with the outcome of the deep passions of the human heart.

These investigations are the province of the "plain clothes" men; and you may be sure that a population which, in the beginning, looked with suspicion even on policemen whose uniforms showed what they were, objected strongly to policemen walking round dressed like anyone else, and thus effectively disguised. You may be sure, too, that criminals rejoiced in a system which put all policemen in uniform, showing them up as effectively as an infantryman was held before a rifle-sight by his scarlet coat.

It was not until 1842 that a "detective branch," consisting of two inspectors and six sergeants, was "grudgingly authorised," and by 1867 the number had been increased only to fifteen. "It was not till 1878 that a separate detective force (with special rates of pay) known as the Criminal Investigation Department was set up."

This is altogether an excellent account of how police work is done in London, and it contains some affectionately frank portraits of the Chief Commissioners under whom the author has worked.

KNOLE AGAIN

Miss V. Sackville-West's book, *Knole and the Sackvilles* (Drummond, 12s. 6d.) appears to be an old favourite now, for it has been reprinted seven times since its first appearance a quarter of a century ago. However, I had not read it till this most recent printing came along, and if there are others in like case I urge them to seize

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the book while it is still to be had. It is very good indeed.

Anyone who knows the author's writing, especially her poem *The Land*, must be aware how intimately she understands the spell of fields and gardens and old houses; and here you see how this could hardly fail to be so. She was brought up at Knole. To say that is almost, in this connection, to say everything. But not quite everything. What about her grandfather, for example? She does not over-stress the personal and contemporary side of the matter, for Knole as it was, rather than as it is, and Sackvilles dead and gone are her main concern; but here and there we are permitted a glimpse of the child she was in the old house and of the old man, her grandfather, who shared it with her. There was that house, full of ancestral voices and ancestral portraits, and he would spend his time whittling paper-knives out of cigar-boxes; and "usually he did not know a Hoppner from a Van Dyck, a Kneller from a Gainsborough."

But with the child it was different. She was aware of the house at every point, and, even at the age of eight, she was left to guide visitors through it. If invasion was threatened her grandfather would "take the next train to London for the day, returning in the evening when the coast was clear," and the child was left to "show the house. . . . It mattered nothing that I was every whit as bored by the invasion as he could have been; in a divergence between the wishes of eighty and the wishes of eight, the wishes of eight went to the wall."

FOUR ACRES OF BUILDING

With no sense of boredom at all, the child—that was now in these pages once more conducts the tour, and we could not be in better hands. We stand in the great courtyards, some grassed, some paved, and see the white pigeons wheeling against the grey stone. We wander through the gardens; we go into the house whose "rooms are, for the most part, rather small and rather low; they break out, of course, now into galleries, now into a ballroom, now into a banquetting-hall; but the majority of them are small friendly rooms—not intimidating; some people might even think them poky. They are eminently rooms to be lived in, and not merely admired." But the place is complicated, rambling. "After a lifetime of familiarity, I still catch myself pausing to think out the shortest route from one room to another. Four acres of building is no mean matter."

Prelates and kings lived in the house before the Sackvilles, but this is mainly the Sackville story: the story of "a race too prodigal, too amorous, too weak, too indolent, and too melancholy." It could hardly have been better told.

A STORY OF FIRST LOVE

Another reprint this week is Alain-Fournier's *The Wanderer* (Elek, 10s. 6d.). It was published in France on the eve of war in 1914 under the title *Le Grand Meaulnes*, and it excited the liveliest expectations as to what the author might do next. However, what he did next was get killed in the war.

The publishers have given us a very fine edition of a very fine book. It is a young man's book and a poet's book. As a novel, it has many faults, the chief being the mechanical contrivance of the plot; but it is to be read not for any craftsman's virtuosity

but rather as the outpouring of an ardent spirit before the beauty and mystery and pain of life.

It is the story of an adolescent's worshipful love for a beautiful woman, of how fate parted them, and of how they came together again when life had tarnished the bright mirror in which youth sees its world reflected. It has affinities with the lyric poetry of Keats: and a line of Keats, "Joy, whose hand is ever at her lips, bidding adieu," might well be its epitome.

What is remarkable in it is the combination, completely successful, of two elements: the realistic, everyday life of the countryside and of the people who live and work in it, and the spiritual splendour that falls upon this through the uplifted moods of first love. More than in almost any novel I know, we have here "the light that never was on land or sea," and yet, by some alchemy, this light is made to fall on our common earth. Françoise Delisle's translation reads excellently.

HOLIDAYS NEAR AND FAR

VICARIOUS travel, though it can never equal the real thing, is a pleasure one grasps more eagerly these times, when the prospect of holidays abroad seems somewhat remote; and in *Over the Hills and Far Away* (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.), Mr. Hartley Kemball Cook enables one to travel vicariously not only in space but also in time. Dipping into the memoirs and diaries of travellers (essayists, poets, novelists, statesmen and the rest) during the past three hundred years, he takes one with them on their exploration of the British Isles, on the Grand Tour, on their discovery of France, Switzerland, Greece, and so on, to the spas, the mountains and, not least, the seaside, throwing in the process an interesting light on fashion and social changes.

There can scarcely be a better guide to Greece than Canon W. A. Wigram, leader of many of the Hellenic Travellers' Club's cruises before the war. In *Hellenic Travel* (Faber, 15s.) he takes one over the well-trodden paths to Athens, Eleusis, Delphi and the Peloponnese, to Constantinople, and across the Aegean to Crete, always ready with the apt quotation or historical allusion and mingling ancient and modern in a way that helps one to see the history of the Greek world as a whole.

Those who like to spend their holidays among the higher peaks of the Alps will be glad of *On Rock and Ice*, by André Roch (A. and C. Black, 21s.), a magnificent series of mountain photographs by a mountaineer whose fame, like that of Frank Smythe, who contributes a foreword, is international. For anyone who cares to see in addition something of the gentler aspects of the Alps there is the third edition of R. L. G. Irving's lavishly illustrated *The Alps*, issued at 15s. by Batsford, who have also issued at 12s. 6d. a second edition of Ralph Dutton's and Lord Holden's *The Land of France*, with footnotes about the damage sustained by notable buildings and places during the war. J. K. A.

MOTOR RACING

GRANDS PRIX, by R. L. de Burgh Walkerley, with over ninety photographs by the late Robert Fellowes (Motor Racing Publications, Ltd., Abingdon, 7s. 6d.), does more than recount the history of international motor racing from 1934 to 1939. It portrays realistically, both for experts and for those without knowledge of the sport, the art of race driving, and the atmosphere and gigantic stakes involved in modern Grand Prix racing. The resemblance between motor racing and mountaineering or ski-ing is well described. J. E. G.

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FARMING NOTES

FEED HOPES DEFERRED

EVERYONE hoped that the Minister of Agriculture would be able to announce in his New Year broadcast some improvements in the feeding-stuff rations for farm livestock, but Mr. Williams could do no better than promise that existing scales for farm livestock would be maintained until at least April, 1949. He did not say anything about domestic pigs and poultry, although their need for more official rations is no less pressing. A little extra in the way of quality in the balancer meal for domestic poultry, and either barley or maize for fattening pigs when all the potatoes have gone in May and June, would have been cheering news for thousands of those who assiduously cherish some hens and a pig at the bottom of the garden. These people are not only rendering their families a service, but they are patriotic citizens taking trouble to provide a decent diet for themselves. Not everyone can keep livestock on a domestic scale, but those who can deserve every encouragement. These may seem strange sentiments from a commercial producer of pigs and poultry whose livelihood depends on getting more rations for his farm livestock. All round possibilities of pig and poultry expansion were stressed at the annual reception of the London Cattle Food Trades Association, where it was made clear that some of the best brains formerly engaged in getting feeding-stuffs from all corners of the world are now no more than half employed. Indeed, the traders at this gathering were jokingly warned that they may come within the scope of the new Registration for Employment Order, which requires those who are "not gainfully employed or occupied" to register with the Ministry of Labour to see whether some productive occupation cannot be found for them. Bulk buying on Government account may satisfy present Ministers and their political supporters, but it is not getting Britain much in feeding-stuffs.

More About Linseed

WITH plans in mind to grow some linseed this year, I have been reading the new Growmore Leaflet, No. 13, issued by the Ministry of Agriculture. The official advice is that the ideal time for sowing linseed is the latter half of March. Linseed seedlings can withstand considerable frost, and early sowing avoids the danger that the seedlings will be checked by a spring drought. There is also more risk of damage by flea-beetles if sowing is late. Broadcasting does not give equal results to drilling; the germination is less even and much heavier seed rates are required for a good take. Cross drilling at the rate of 40 lb. an acre each way has given good results, and it is best to sow linseed on really clean land to avoid competition from annual weeds. I am surprised at the advice that potash is not normally required. I had always understood that, while linseed does not exhaust the soil and leave it in poor heart, it does draw greedily on potash reserves. Now I judge from this leaflet that this is a wrong view and that the manure requirements of linseed are like those of barley. Where barley can be grown, linseed should do well, but in the drier districts of the south and east linseed may suffer through spring droughts. The best yields are obtained on medium to light soils of fair depth with enough humus to keep moisture.

Training for Forest Workers

THE Forestry Commission working with the Royal Forestry Society of England and Wales and the Royal Scottish Forestry Society is again

arranging special short courses for foresters. These courses run for three months, starting in March, and the expenses will be met by the Commission. Private owners of woodlands are invited to allow their employees to take part. Certainly there is need for more expert skill on many estates where there are no fully trained men at work in the woods to-day. Candidates for these courses must have been employed in forestry work for three years, although ex-Service men who have had two years' experience are eligible. Applications should be made now to the Forestry Commission at 1, Bryanston Square, W.1, or at 25, Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh.

Wages for Schoolboys

FOLLOWING the recent note here about the need for more school harvest camps in the summer holidays, I see that the Agricultural Wages Board has reviewed the flat rate paid for boys and girls between 14 and 19 who undertake seasonal work in agriculture in parties organised by schools and institutes. They are to get one shilling an hour this year instead of elevenpence, which they had last year. On this basis of pay, the boys and girls who go harvesting should fully earn their keep and have some pocket money to spend. The rates for adults working from the Volunteer Agricultural Camps organised by the county committees are also to be raised from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 5d. an hour in the coming season. This is a flat rate for women as well as men. The minimum age for these camps is 17, and volunteers must stay for at least a week. The charge made for accommodation is 28s. a week, but before the end of May and after the middle of September a reduced charge of 21s. is made so as to induce volunteers to book for these early and late weeks. The Government pays the difference. Fuller particulars can be got from the Ministry of Agriculture at 4, Bickenhall Mansions, Baker Street, W.1.

Nitrogen in Pastures

AT the Farmers' Club meeting last week, Professor D. B. Johnstone-Wallace showed films demonstrating strikingly the effects of a strong growth of clover in pasture. The evidence came from Cornell University in the State of New York, but conditions there are not very different from ours. In New York State they grow Kentucky bluegrass or smooth-stalked meadow grass with Kent wild white clover. The yield of the grass was increased 881 lb. per acre to 2,243 lb. as a result of the beneficial effects of the clover, and the protein content of the grass was increased from 18 per cent. to 25 per cent. Professor Johnstone-Wallace also gave an impressive measure of the amount of nitrogen for which the bacteria in the nodules in the clover were apparently responsible. The nitrogen present in the herbage of grass and clover grown together on one acre was equivalent to that present in 1,235 lb. of sulphate of ammonia. As the amount present in the grass grown alone was equivalent to that in 125 lb. of sulphate of ammonia, it can be assumed that the clover was responsible for collecting 1,110 lb. of sulphate of ammonia. This is an amount which few farmers could afford to apply, or indeed dare apply, to their grass land. We know in practice how vigorous a well-balanced sward of grass and clover can be, but these figures are new. They justify all the trouble put into the establishment of a sward, including the cost of a generous use of phosphates and on some soils lime.

CINCINNAUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

RATING OF SITE
VALUES

LANDOWNERS, tenants, and experts in property management seem to be faced with the necessity of meeting a new, or rather a revived, form of attack on the already much diminished yield from property—namely the rating of site values. The difficulty and uncertainty of the proposed system of valuation resulted in the rejection of proposals that were exhaustively discussed by the Royal Commission on Local Taxation. The time-honoured principle of the payment of rates was "benefits received" and the assessment was based on annual value. The question, now again prominent, took up a great deal of public time when the Land Valuation Bill introduced in 1930, provided for the valuation (with a few special exceptions) of the land in England and Wales without disclosing the purpose of the valuation.

NO SURE BASIS OF
VALUATION

ONE financial authority, criticising the separate-valuation schemes, said: "Valuers will, no doubt, put a valuation on anything, whether they know anything about it or not; but the question is what real basis they have for their valuation. The only ultimate basis of a valuer's knowledge is his experience of market values; and since the land and the houses upon it are sold or let together, no such basis can exist for a separate value of the two things." It was urged that the system would be intricate and would result in further inequalities of valuation as between one ratepayer and another. Tenants were offered the inducement that a separate valuation of house and structure would assist the division of rates between owner and occupier.

ULTIMATE BURDEN ON THE
OWNER

IN some mysterious way the separate valuation of site and premises was to work equally well for the landowner. But the experts who gave evidence before the Royal Commission on Local Taxation, and the Select Committees appointed to consider the matter, were firm on the point that, however theoretically effectual any scheme might be for dividing burdens on real property between owner and occupier, the ultimate incidence of such burdens always gravitated to the owner. Arguments in favour of the separate rating of sites, on the ground that land is a property that commands a larger number of years' purchase in the market than buildings, were met by the rejoinder that that would mean radically altering the basis of local taxation assessments, by the substitution of capitalised for annual value. The fallacy that, under the time-honoured system of rating, the values of sites somehow escaped rating has been exposed over and over again.

The importance of the subject at the moment is that, in the event of special legislation, as in the rating of urban sites, the net result will inevitably be an increase of the burdens on owners and occupiers, a rise in the cost of administration and collection, and the substitution of an experiment for what has hitherto proved a fairly satisfactory system.

EXCHEQUER OR LOCAL RATES

ACURIOUS phenomenon of public finance at the present time is the implicit doctrine that almost any expenditure can be lightly embarked on provided that it is earmarked to be borne by the Exchequer and not by local rates. There is something to be said for this inasmuch as the immediate incidence of taxation is less

evident to the man-in-the-street than is his local liability for rates. But the eventual result is the same; the expenditure has to be met out of the pockets of the productive and thrifty sections of the public. So much of current taxation is levied for purposes that are unprecedented; for example, the vast sums used in subsidies. Even more may be looked upon as properly being but a deferred liability on various obligations at home and abroad. If these are not being met to-day—and they are not—it only means a shifting forward of liabilities. Literally thousands of millions of pounds must be available for the extravagant schemes of reconstruction and the replanning of war-damaged areas; the nationalisation of railways; electrical undertakings; transport and other stupendous projects, such as the strange experiment of appropriating a substantial part of the value of most real estate in the shape of "development value." It is idle to contend that any "global" or other arbitrary payment can compensate for the deprivation of the rights of the future use of property. Yet, for what it is worth, a vast amount of money (or paper securities) must be found for this single object of legislation.

The net result of existing schemes must be an actual and a serious depreciation of every form of property. At best those schemes are but a kind of jugglery, since they diminish rather than increase the value of property and the true sources of public welfare are ignored.

DEVELOPMENT RIGHTS AND
THE "APPOINTED DAY"

SIGNS are discernible that concern is felt by the authorities about the buying and selling of land for development between the passing of the Town and Country Planning Act, 1947, and what is called "the appointed day," which may be April 1 next. A development charge may become due in respect of any difference in value between the present use of the land and its change to some other use. The £300,000,000 which the Act allocates to claims for depreciation of land values will not be dealt with until four years after the "appointed day." After that day the buyer of a property, if a developer, will have to pay to the Central Land Board a development charge representing the development value. Various courses are open to the vendor and purchaser of land likely to be affected by the Act, and the Ministry warns them to obtain professional advice before entering into any commitments. Only by express provisions in contracts can parties avoid the risk of disappointment and loss over such sales.

DELAYS IN REPAIRING WAR
DAMAGE

"COMPENSATION rents" are a poor substitute for the income that might in normal circumstances be expected to accrue from first-rate hotels. Some may say such rents are a boon compared to what certain classes of property owners are receiving—that is to say, nothing at all. The latter class of owners are those whose houses or business premises were so badly damaged by enemy action as to be unusable, and ever since the fateful moment at which destruction happened the owners have had not one penny of any sort of "compensation," and have had to pay out of their own pockets for alternative accommodation. In addition some who depended on sub-lettings to eke out their incomes have been without that assistance.

ARBITER.

Fisons Farming News

NATIONAL EDITION

FOUR FACTS ABOUT FISONS
ADVISORY SERVICE

1. What is its job?

The purpose of Fisons Advisory Service is to give all farmers advice on any matter concerning the use of fertilizers.

2. How is it organised?

The Chief Adviser of this Service and his staff have their headquarters at Harvest House, Ipswich. There are Area Advisers stationed throughout the country, working in collaboration with the local Fisons Sales Offices.

3. What sort of questions
does it deal with?

Broadly speaking, here are the three main subjects:—

(a) How to use the different kinds of fertilizers for particular crops.

(b) How to treat soils showing abnormal deficiencies.

(c) What is the cause of crop failures and how a recurrence can be avoided.

4. What does it cost?

It costs you nothing. All you have to do is to get in touch with your Fisons Area Adviser either direct or through your local supplier. If the answer to your query can be dealt with satisfactorily by letter, you will get a quick, practical reply. If your problem needs an "on the spot" inspection and discussion, the Adviser will come out to your farm to see for himself and talk over the job with you. In either case, you'll get prompt, individual attention and sound, expert advice.

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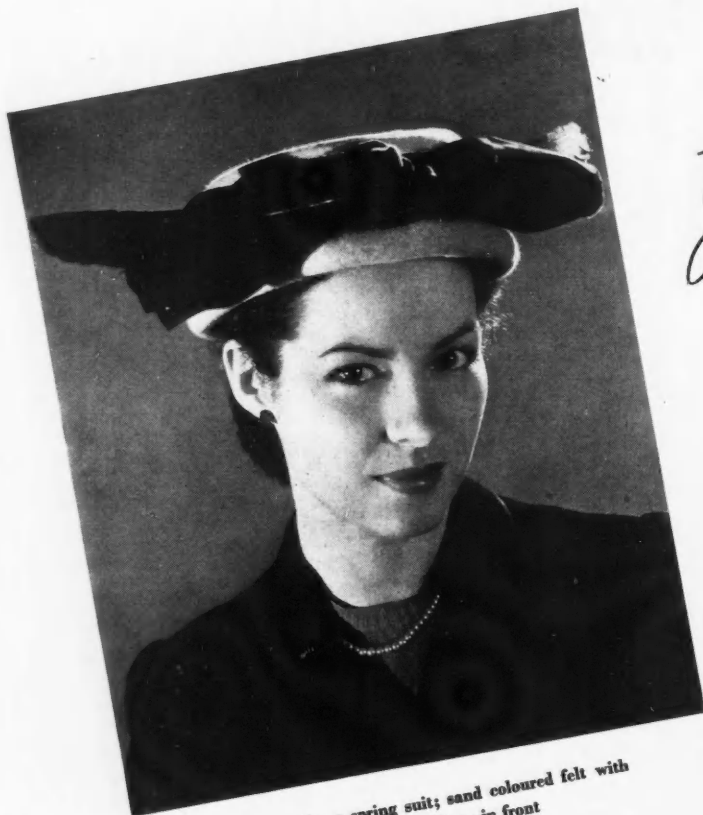
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Your New Hat



Turquoise felt with its mushroom brim caught up and a round crown.
Both from Scotts, of Bond Street

IVORY, magnolia-petal white, sand colour, old gold, pearl grey, many tones of light brown, aquamarine and turquoise are the colours featured most frequently in the first crop of spring hats. These creams and blues are teamed with black and dark coloured outfits, for the day when every accessory was black is out and the black is broken by a light head. Felt, coarse chip straws and fine light Baku straws are popular materials, and the hats sit straight on top of the head, or tilt back the merest fraction. Sailors with large oval crowns and flat brims or brims that tilt up slightly, pill-boxes, large squashy berets, close-fitting toques and picture hats with wide mushroom brims appeared with the first days of 1948. And flowers bloom everywhere on the hats designed for Easter and early summer.

The felts and straws with medium-sized mushroom brims and round dented crowns offer great possibilities to women who have fought shy of the off-the-face bonnets and the perched dolls' hats of the earlier fashions. These drooping widish brims are easy hats to wear and the faintly period look is offset by a crisp outline to the crowns, which fit closely to the head. Brims are often caught back, as in the turquoise felt we have photographed from Scotts, of Bond Street. This is a charming hat to wear with a fur jacket and a dark afternoon frock and a style that will go on right through the summer; it would be equally pretty in fine Baku straw or Leghorn. Really large picture hats have their drooping brims cut away to nothing at the back but left wide either side. Pissot and Pavy are making them in felt in the bright range of pastels, also large hats with mushroom brims in coarse chip straw to be worn later on with the wide-skirted summer prints. These have brims that are equally wide all the way round and crowns that fit them on to the head. Berets in fine straw dented either side on the thick double edge are constructed so that they jut out over the forehead. They make a very becoming hat for the older woman to wear with a suit or a summer print with a slim draped skirt.

Berets for wearing right away are just as large, sit right on the back of the head and frame the face like a coif. They are being bought in numbers in black velvet and in pale coloured felts that are soft and malleable enough to be pulled into the most becoming shape on the head for each person. The designers are tucking them into a head-band and they tend to be wider at the sides than from back to front. Chamois yellow, biscuit and turquoise are the chosen colours.

The many toques and bonnets, caps and helmets are small and compact looking and require a small neat head of hair to look smart. They also have been designed expressly for the long, wide day skirts with their fitted tops, and they are tied on with veiling or chiffon scarves. Some of them have coq's feathers or a cluster of flowers at one side and drooping almost on to the shoulders; others are shaped like muffins and trimmed with huge butterfly bows in front—the trimming dark, the hats in pale tones. The two-tiered berets that sit on top and tie on with tulle or an eye veil are carrying on into the spring. They are very chic and have been the big success of the winter.

For tweeds, there are felts in muted pastel shades designed with

(Continued on page 198)



Mattli's snug little bonnet that ties on with wide chiffon scarves

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RODEX

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This is Susan. Neat and small and feather-gay in Black with Pastel feathers.

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(Left) Shallow-crowned straw sailor, the brim curling upwards slightly and lined with petersham. Pissot and Pavy

designed for dressmaker suits and ensembles. All the hats look as though they are going to burst into a mass of flowers the moment the weather gives the first signs of breaking.

IN the Aage Thaarup collection of hats designed for young people, hats which will be on sale all over the country at reasonable prices, none higher than £5, are some snug small bonnets and berets trimmed with pom-poms, ostrich tips, quills, flowers. An apple green bonnet with a bunch of marguerites either side is charming; so is one decorated with a ruche of dark tulle and a peaked cap massed with flowers in front. Colours are fresh and Mr. Thaarup also shows black caps with white tassels, caps that can be pulled well on and cover untidy hair on a windy day.

Hugh Beresford is also concerned with the high prices of many hats and has planned to send models through the country, selling at four prices, the highest being 97s. 6d. His spring collection will be ready on March 1 and includes berets, sailors, toques in charming soft-toned pastels and designed mostly for the older woman, though some of the berets would be charming for a young girl. His felt sailors with highish crowns, small brims and dark ribbon looped in front make excellent suit hats; others, with bows almost as big as the hats themselves, are pinned on firmly at the

(Right) Felt bonnet with curling ostrich tips. Scotts

back and need to be, or a puff of wind would dislodge them. Colours include cyclamen pink, misty grey blue, chamomile yellow and blanché almond.

Colours featured by Pissot and Pavy for their straw sailors include a cream tinged with pink that is almost the shade of a Gloire de Dijon rose petal, the cream of a man's straw hat and deeper grey-greens and sun-tan browns. Their light sailors lined with black or navy have large flat crowns and are lined and veiled with black, navy or nigger brown.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



medium brims and often with oval-shaped crowns. Long quills and pheasants' feathers start away from the head or droop down on to the shoulders. Sailors are shown with checked tweed suits for early spring in coarse chip straw and in curious grey-greens and greeny-yellow tones. Feathers sprout from between thick double brims, or are set in front of the crowns. For the smooth-surfaced woollen suits for Easter, pale coloured straw sailors with shallow oval crowns like a Harrow boy's and widish saucer brims lined with dark petersham are worn straight on the head with veiling over the face. Others, more elaborate, have cabbage roses blooming on the brims in front and are

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JULY 6th to 9th, 1948

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Heavy Horses (breeding classes)
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Pigs - - - April 3

Light Horses (Riding and Driving
classes) - - - June 1

Poultry - - - May 15

Flower Show - May 15

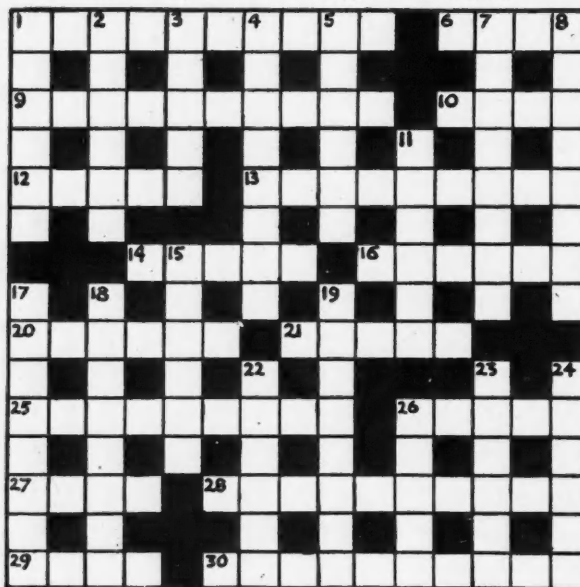
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CROSSWORD No. 937

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 937, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, January 29, 1948.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address

SOLUTION TO No. 936. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of January 16, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—3, Gusts; 8, Angora; 9, Plenty; 10, Gamekeeper; 11, Took; 12, Applause; 14, Litter; 16, Bubble and squeak; 18, Metric; 20, Brothers; 23, Fall; 24, Paymasters; 26, Merton; 27, Ghosts; 28, Grebe. DOWN.—1, Encamp; 2, Rose; 3, Gateau; 4, Stop me and buy one; 5, Sparkles; 6, Pentateuch; 7, Stroke; 12, Album; 13, Liberality; 15, Rakes; 17, Escaping; 19, Erased; 21, Orange; 22, Rarity; 25, Trod.

ACROSS:

1. Sounds as though it might go with bags of letters (4, 2, 4)
6. "What may not then our — presume
"While victory his crest does plume?"
—Marvell (4)
9. Uttered part of speech and a bit more (10)
10. This year (4)
12. Fleet attendant (5)
13. What the dead and dumb cannot do (4, 5)
- 14 and 16. After 9, 10 (1, 4, 3, 3)
- 20 and 21. "Fire and fleet and, —" (11)
25. Brush fire (anagr.) (9)
26. It is a case of ups and downs (5)
27. Wild goat (4)
28. Every fighter has one to encounter (10)
29. Bath King (4)
30. It always was to Sherlock Holmes (10)

DOWN

1. Among the things he takes is something to protect his head on the hill-top (6)
2. Indeed, a Greek god (6)
3. In one sense you can't help noticing it (5)
4. After receiving this you cannot say you have not been warned (8)
5. The standards of ladies (6)
7. All is secretive when Hetty and Sal get into a huddle (8)
8. Showing up (8)
11. Highland valley (6)
15. Turn a leg or a lot of it (6)
17. No crop is (anagr.) (8)
18. Useful for trimming in the days of 20 and 21 (8)
19. A strong one would hardly be much use to the gauche (5, 3)
22. He is more than an emblem of Britain (6)
23. Turn up the sheet and find a creature there (6)
24. Describes the heart of 2 down (6)
26. "For who would bear the whips and — of time?"—Shakespeare (5)

The winner of Crossword No. 935 is

Mr. P. H. Croxton,

Chase Lane,

Tittensor,

Staffordshire

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